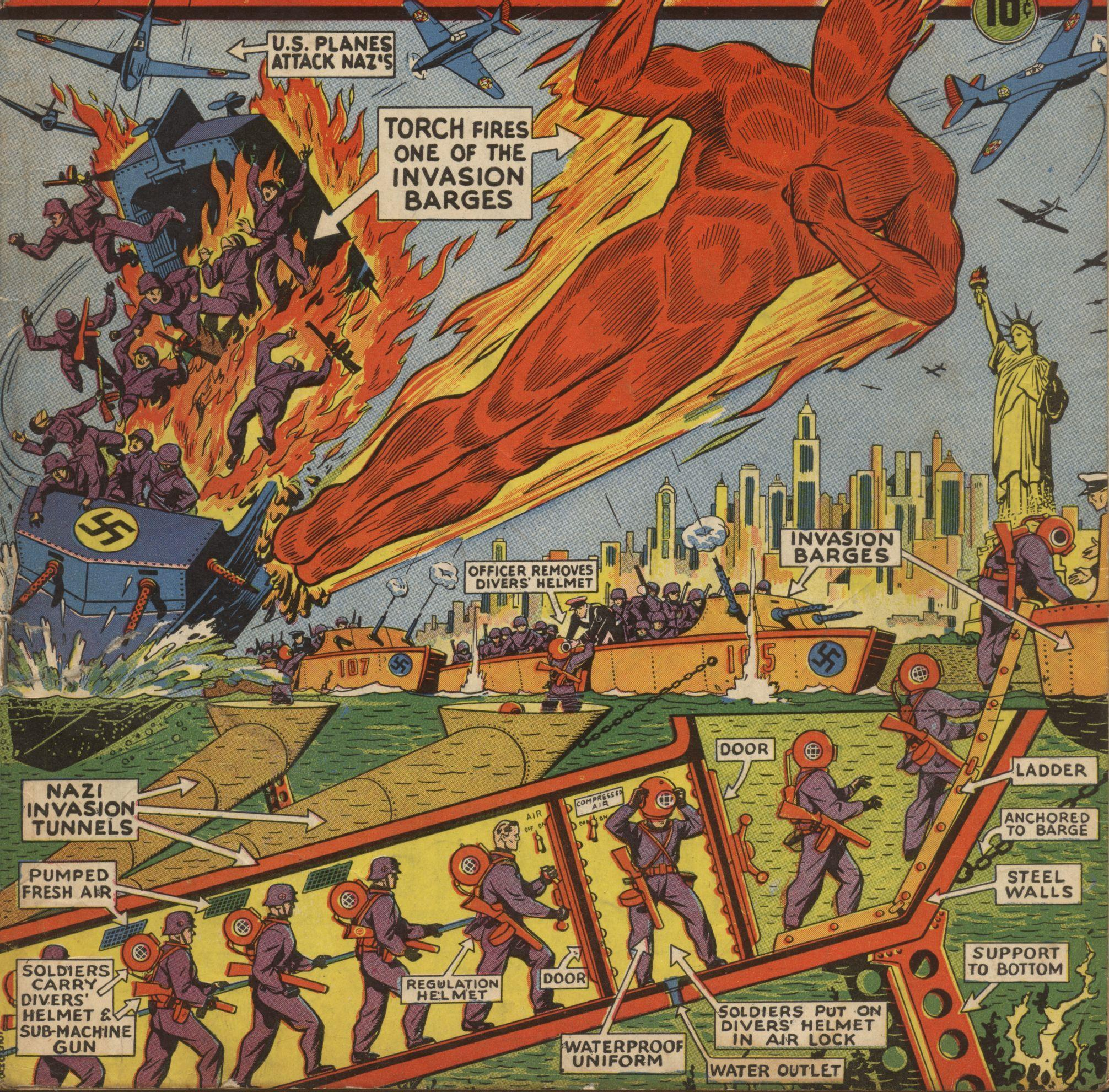
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

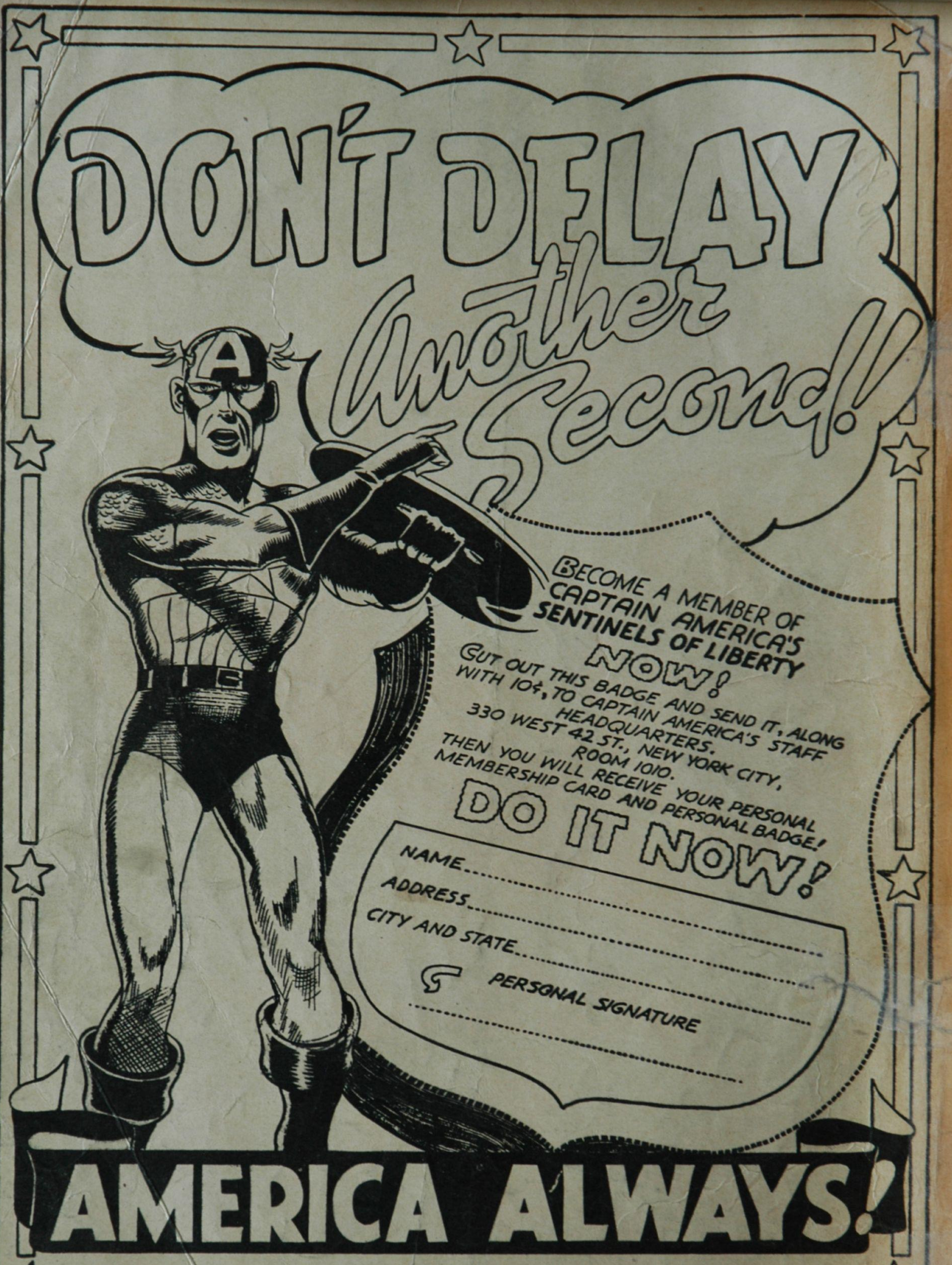
NO. 36

OCTOBER

10¢

BONNETT'S
[illegible]O'S LARGEST DEALERS IN
BACK - ISSUE MAGAZINES
502 [illegible] ST.
414 W[illegible] ST.
[illegible] OHIO


U.S. PLANES ATTACK NAZ'S
TORCH FIRES ONE OF THE INVASION BARGES
OFFICER REMOVES DIVERS' HELMET
INVASION BARGES
107
105
NAZI INVASION TUNNELS
DOOR
LADDER
ANCHORED TO BARGE
PUMPED FRESH AIR
AIR
COMPRESSED AIR
STEEL WALLS
SOLDIERS CARRY DIVERS' HELMET & SUB-MACHINE GUN
REGULATION HELMET
DOOR
SUPPORT TO BOTTOM
SOLDIERS PUT ON DIVERS' HELMET IN AIR LOCK
WATERPROOF UNIFORM
WATER OUTLET


DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S **SENTINELS OF LIBERTY** NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS.
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.

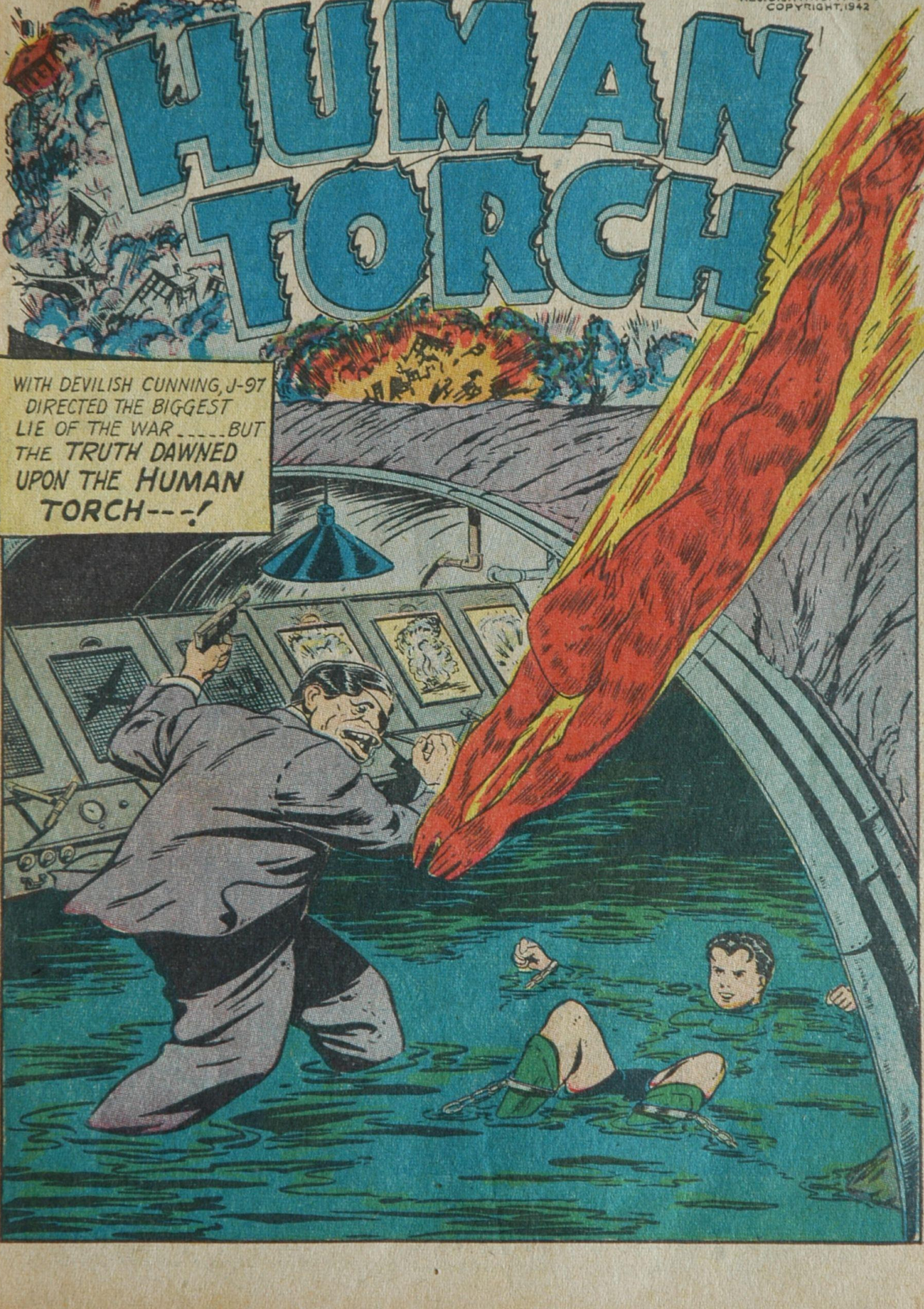
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

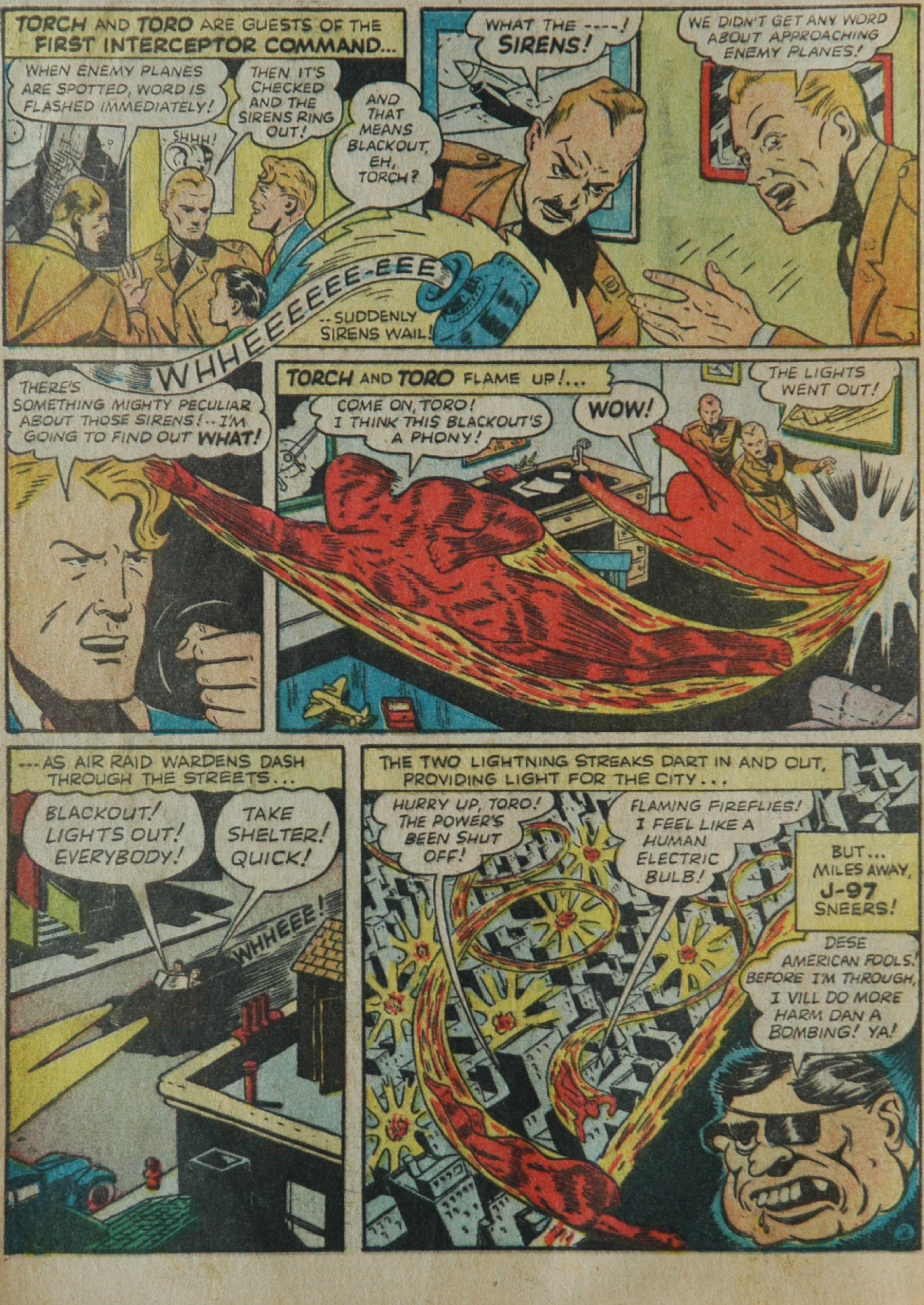
DO IT NOW!

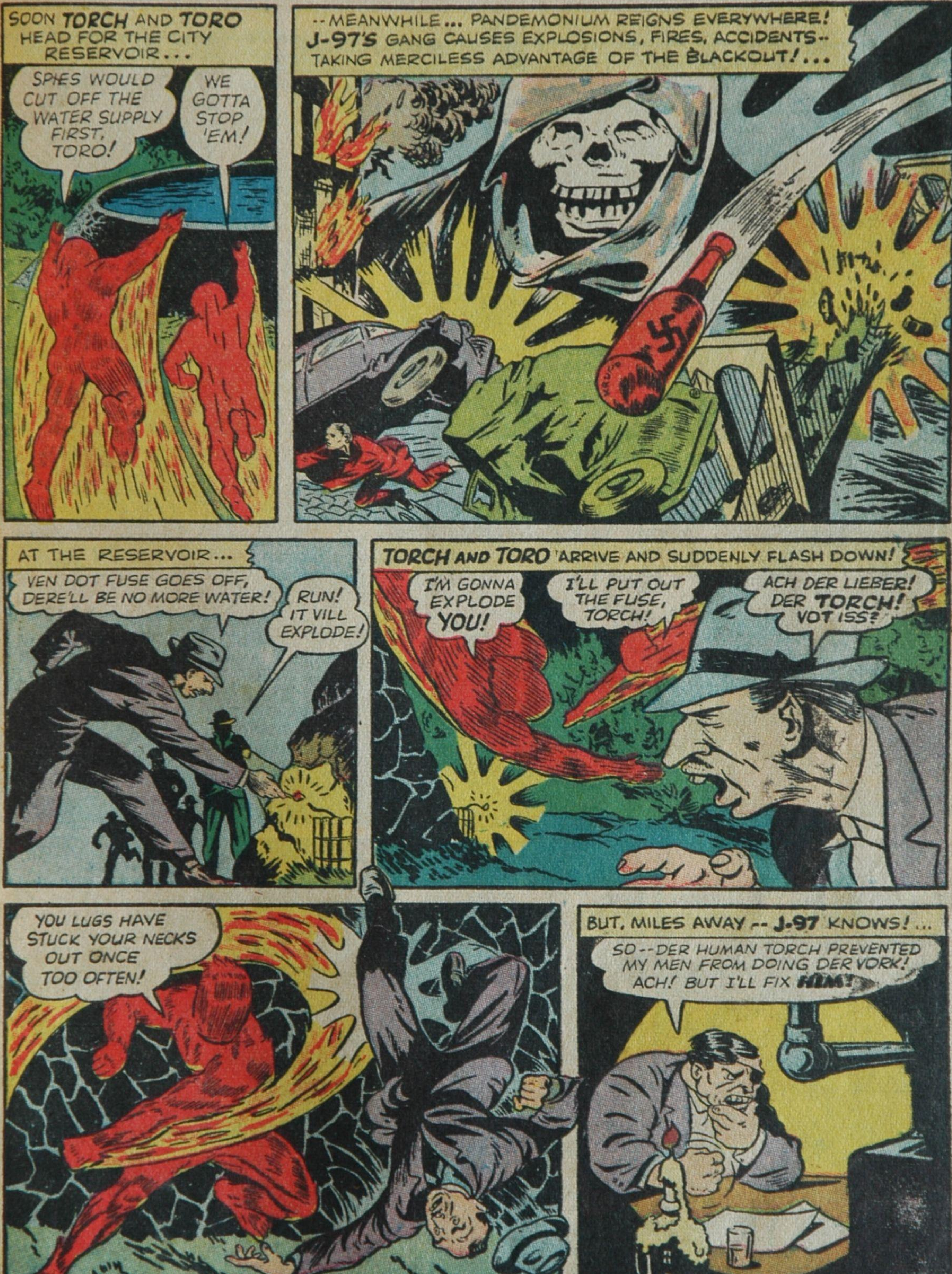
NAME..
ADDRESS...
CITY AND STATE..
....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
....

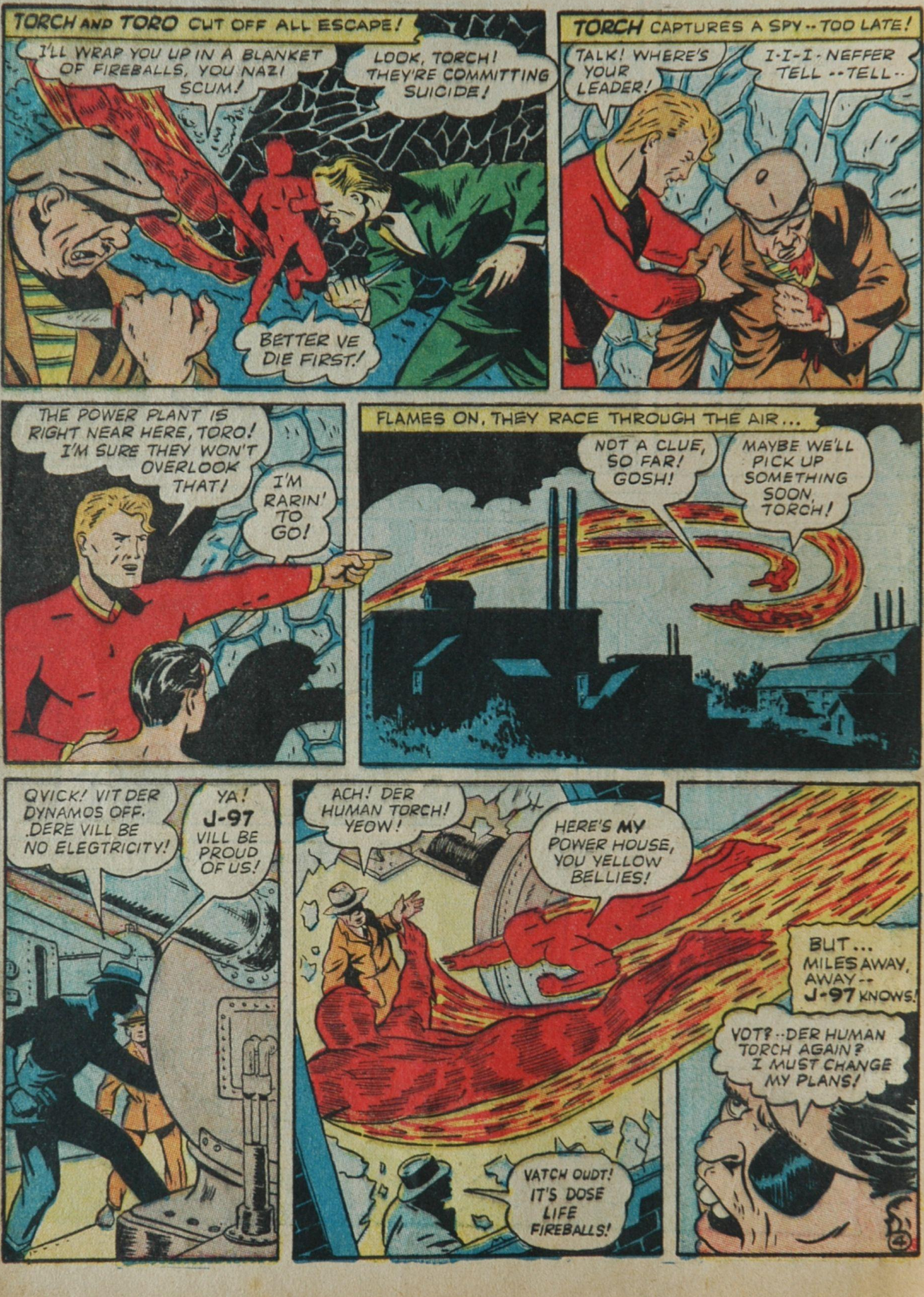
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn., by Timely Comics, Inc. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1942 by Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St. New York, N. Y., Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 1, No. 36. October, 1942 issue. Yearly subscription $1.00 in the U.S.A. Art and editorial by Funnies, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

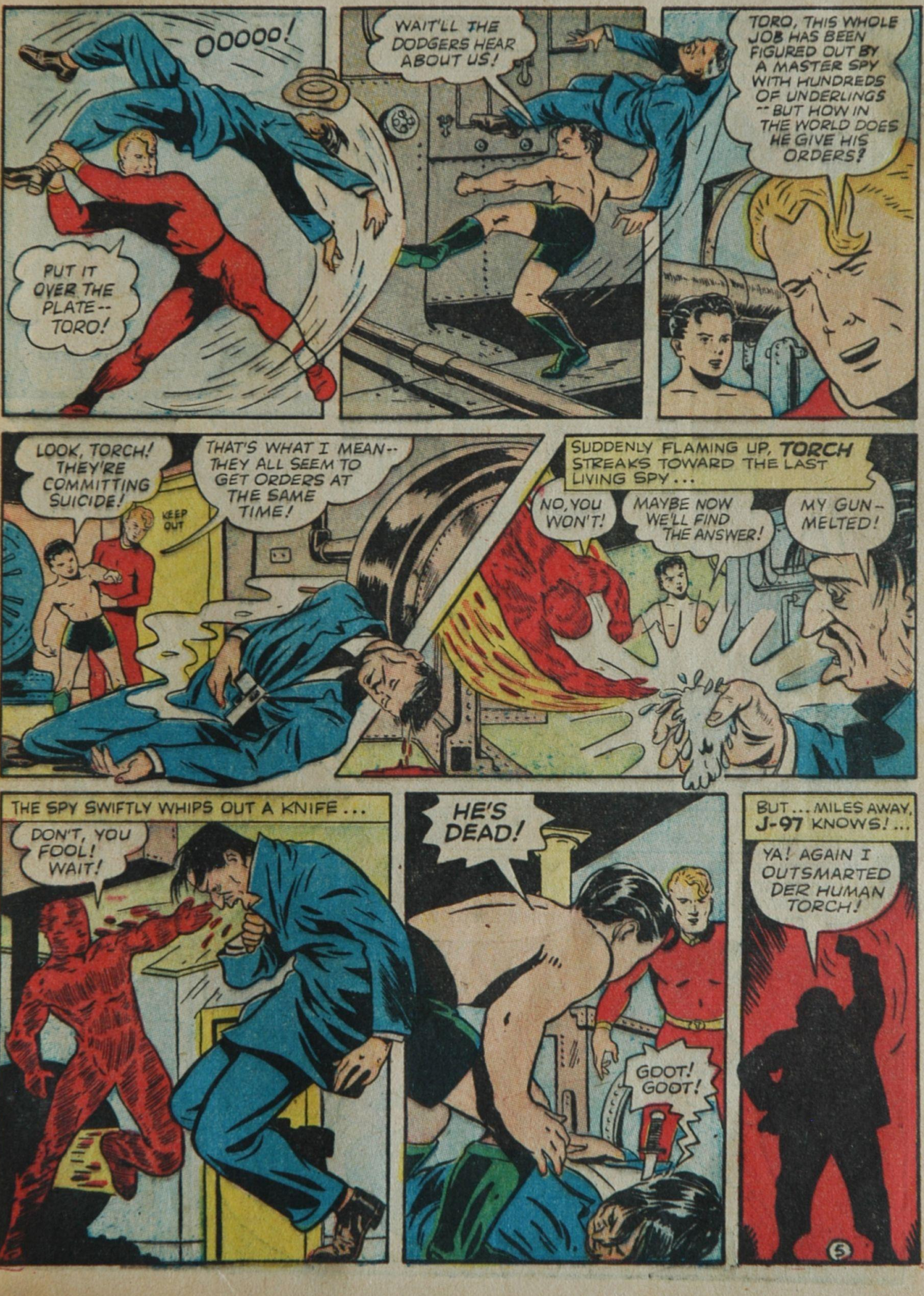
REG.U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT, 1942

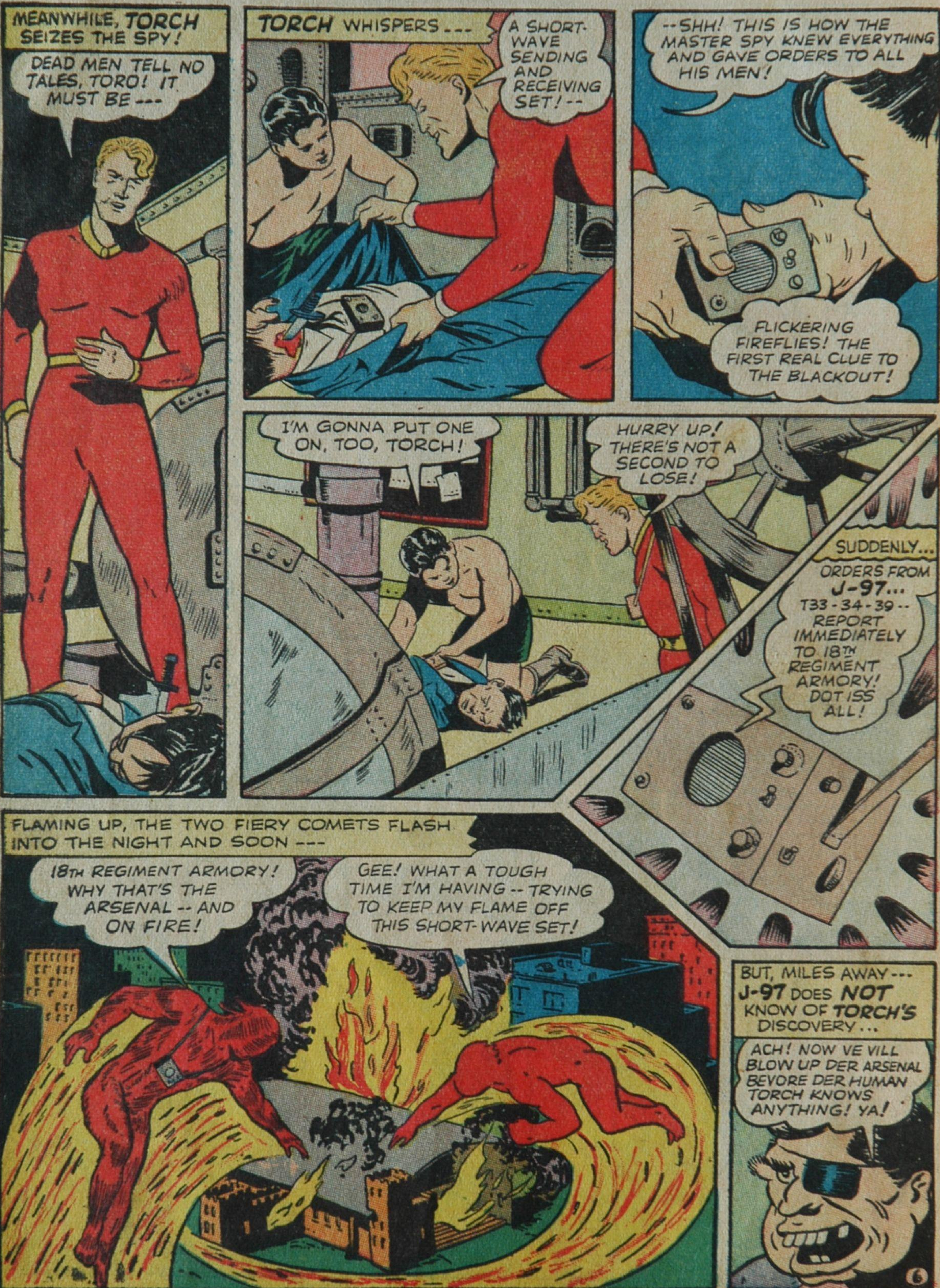

HUMAN TORCH
WITH DEVILISH CUNNING, J-97 DIRECTED THE BIGGEST LIE OF THE WAR.....BUT THE TRUTH DAWNED UPON THE HUMAN TORCH---!

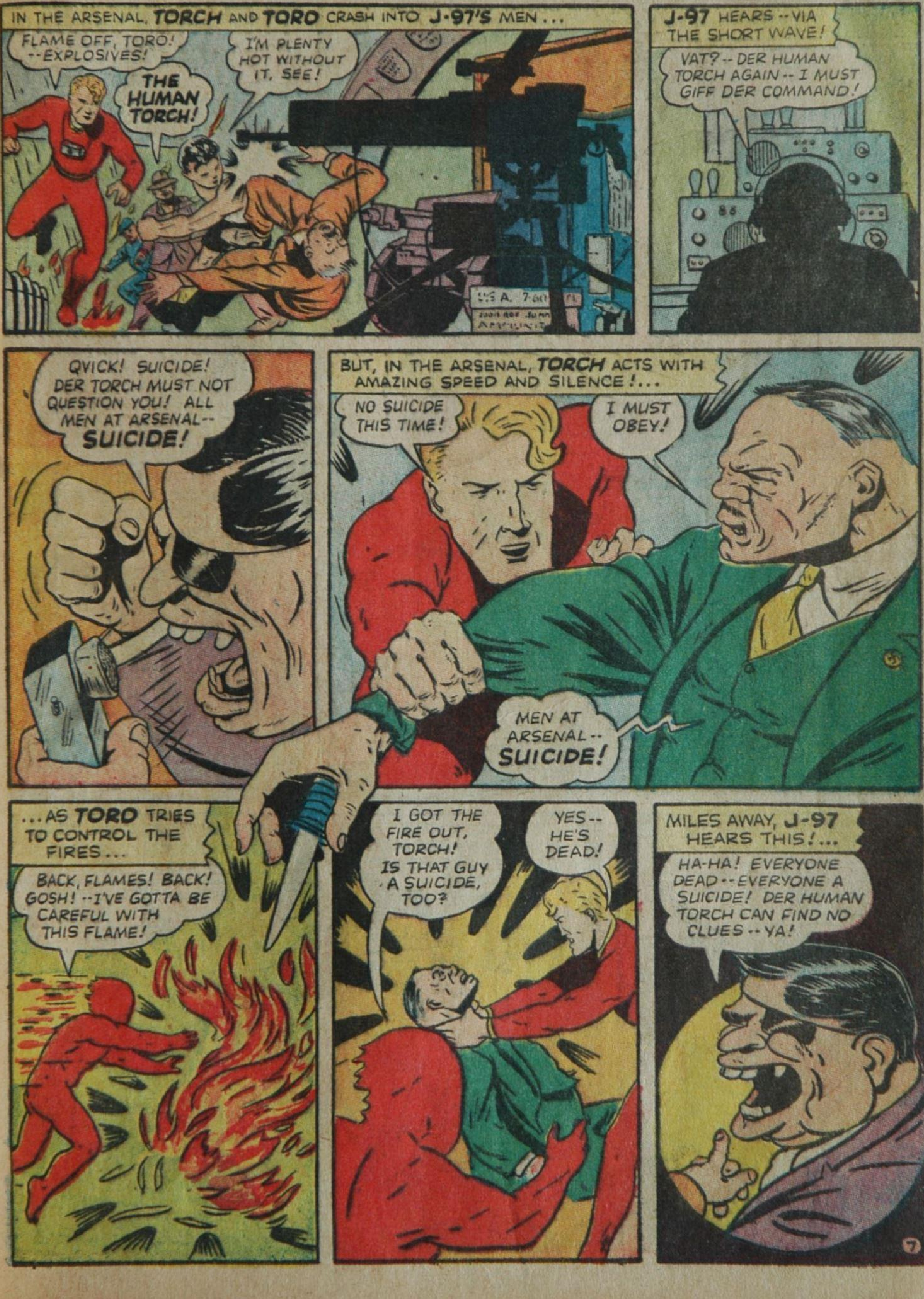

TORCH AND TORO ARE GUESTS OF THE FIRST INTERCEPTOR COMMAND...
WHEN ENEMY PLANES ARE SPOTTED, WORD IS FLASHED IMMEDIATELY!
THEN IT'S CHECKED AND THE SIRENS RING OUT!
SHHH!
AND THAT MEANS BLACKOUT, EH, TORCH?
WHHEEEEEEEE-EEE
--SUDDENLY SIRENS WAIL!
WHAT THE ----! SIRENS!
WE DIDN'T GET ANY WORD ABOUT APPROACHING ENEMY PLANES!
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR ABOUT THOSE SIRENS!--I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME UP!...
COME ON, TORO! I THINK THIS BLACKOUT'S A PHONY!
WOW!
THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!
---AS AIR RAID WARDENS DASH THROUGH THE STREETS...
BLACKOUT! LIGHTS OUT! EVERYBODY!
TAKE SHELTER! QUICK!
WHHEEE!
THE TWO LIGHTNING STREAKS DART IN AND OUT, PROVIDING LIGHT FOR THE CITY...
HURRY UP, TORO! THE POWER'S BEEN SHUT OFF!
FLAMING FIREFLIES! I FEEL LIKE A HUMAN ELECTRIC BULB!
BUT... MILES AWAY, J-97 SNEERS!
DESE AMERICAN FOOLS! BEFORE I'M THROUGH, I VILL DO MORE HARM DAN A BOMBING! YA!

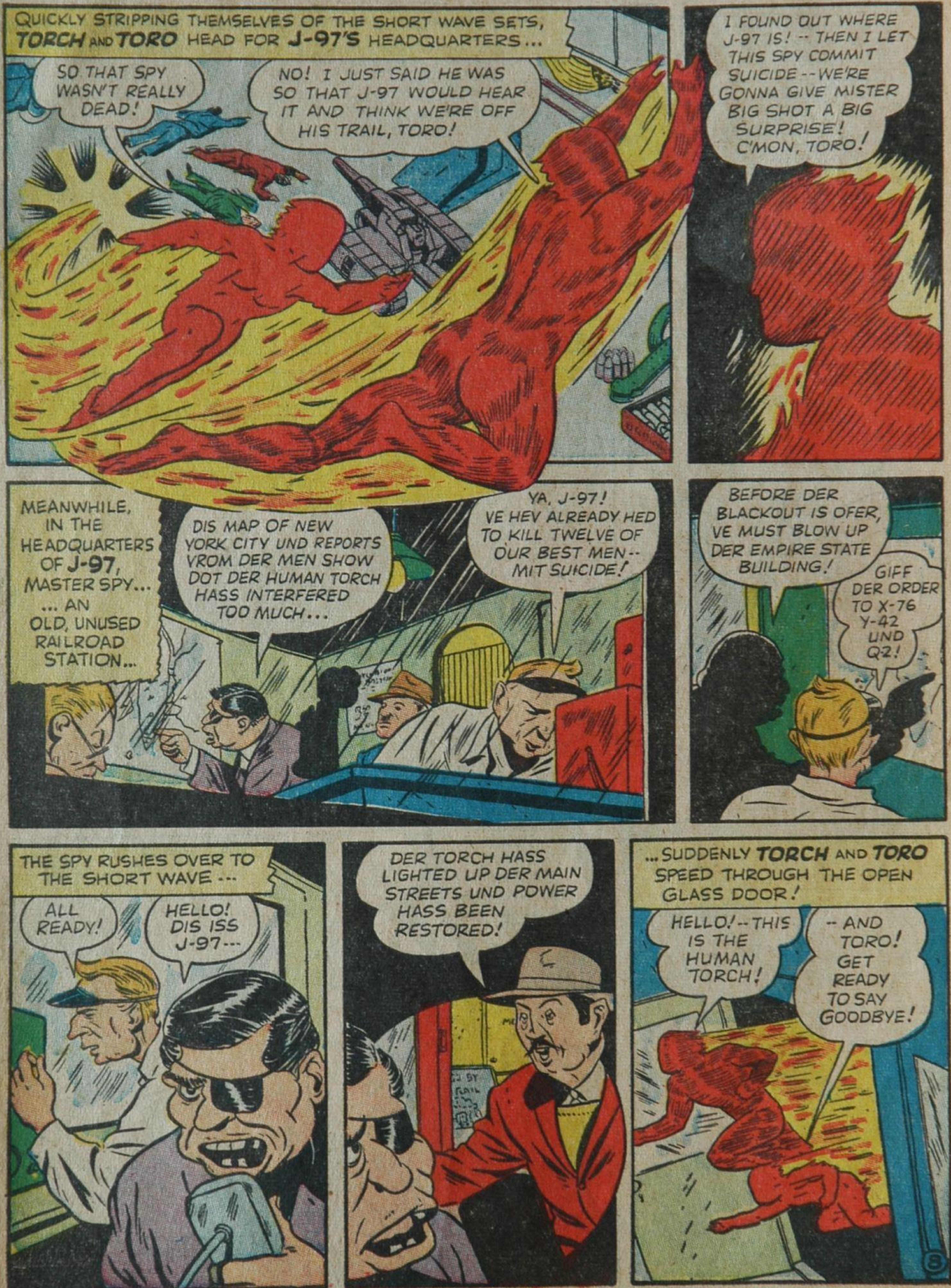

SOON TORCH AND TORO HEAD FOR THE CITY RESERVOIR...
SPIES WOULD CUT OFF THE WATER SUPPLY FIRST, TORO!
WE GOTTA STOP 'EM!
--MEANWHILE... PANDEMONIUM REIGNS EVERYWHERE! J-97'S GANG CAUSES EXPLOSIONS, FIRES, ACCIDENTS-- TAKING MERCILESS ADVANTAGE OF THE BLACKOUT!...
AT THE RESERVOIR...
VEN DOT FUSE GOES OFF, DERE'LL BE NO MORE WATER!
RUN! IT VILL EXPLODE!
TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE AND SUDDENLY FLASH DOWN!
I'M GONNA EXPLODE YOU!
I'LL PUT OUT THE FUSE, TORCH!
ACH DER LIEBER! DER TORCH! VOT ISS?
YOU LUGS HAVE STUCK YOUR NECKS OUT ONCE TOO OFTEN!
BUT, MILES AWAY -- J-97 KNOWS!...
SO--DER HUMAN TORCH PREVENTED MY MEN FROM DOING DER VORK! ACH! BUT I'LL FIX HIM!
3

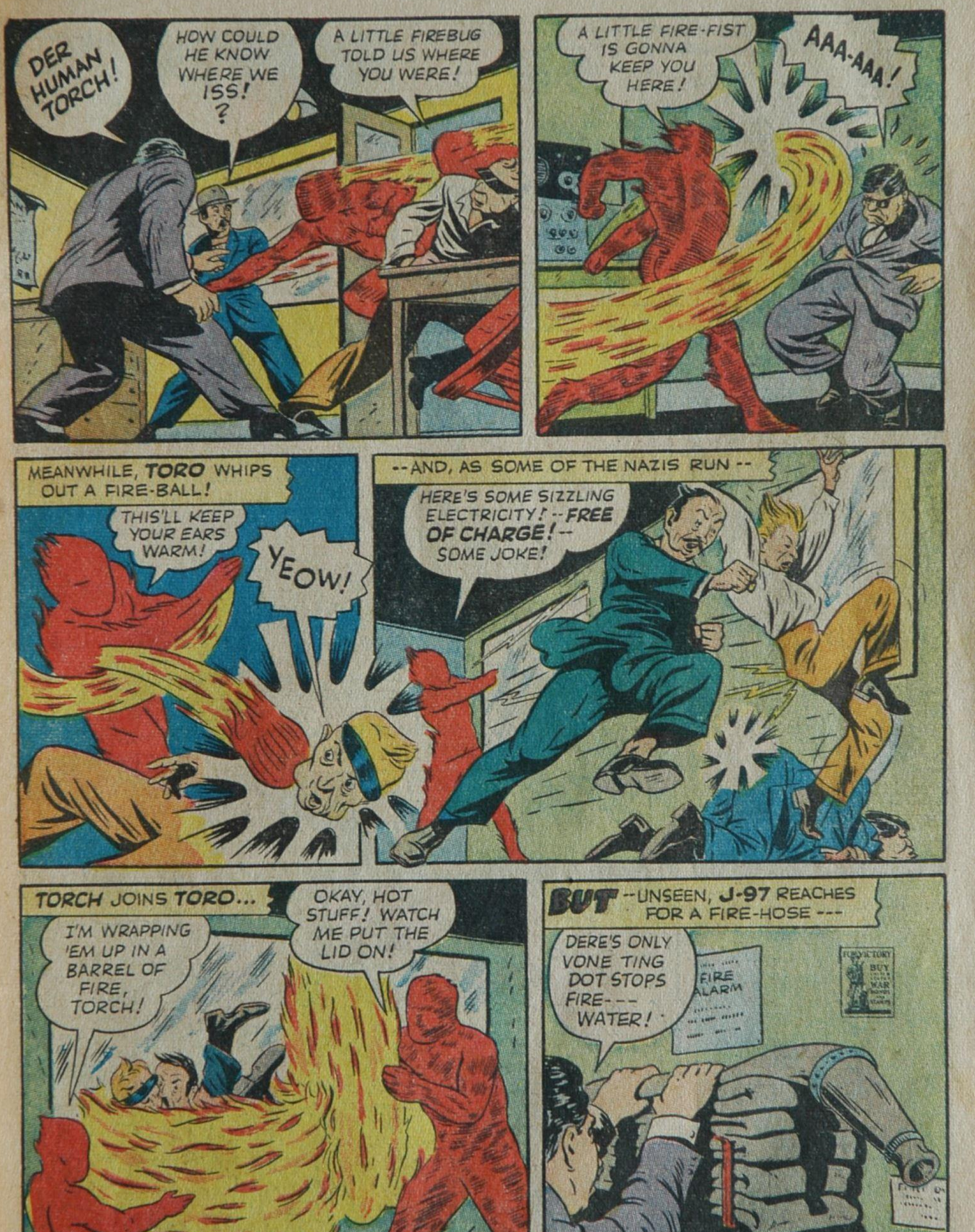

TORCH AND TORO CUT OFF ALL ESCAPE!
I'LL WRAP YOU UP IN A BLANKET OF FIREBALLS, YOU NAZI SCUM!
LOOK, TORCH! THEY'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE!
BETTER VE DIE FIRST!
TORCH CAPTURES A SPY -- TOO LATE!
TALK! WHERE'S YOUR LEADER!
I-I-I-NEFFER TELL --TELL..
THE POWER PLANT IS RIGHT NEAR HERE, TORO! I'M SURE THEY WON'T OVERLOOK THAT!
I'M RARIN' TO GO!
FLAMES ON, THEY RACE THROUGH THE AIR...
NOT A CLUE, SO FAR! GOSH!
MAYBE WE'LL PICK UP SOMETHING SOON, TORCH!
QVICK! VIT DER DYNAMOS OFF. DERE VILL BE NO ELEGTRICITY!
YA! J-97 VILL BE PROUD OF US!
ACH! DER HUMAN TORCH! YEOW!
HERE'S MY POWER HOUSE, YOU YELLOW BELLIES!
VATCH OUDT! IT'S DOSE LIFE FIREBALLS!
BUT... MILES AWAY, AWAY -- J-97 KNOWS!
VOT? --DER HUMAN TORCH AGAIN? I MUST CHANGE MY PLANS!
4

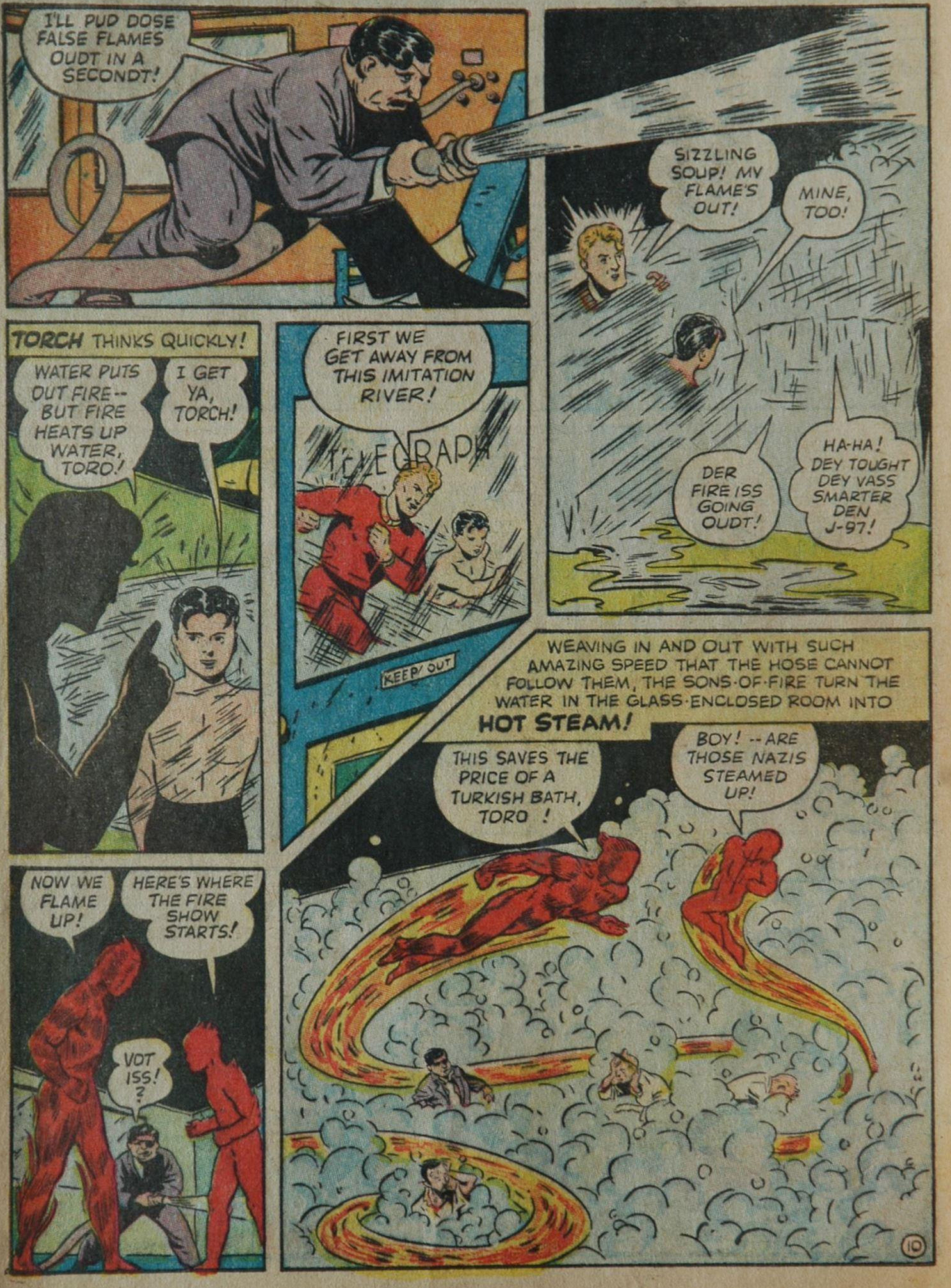

OOOOO!
PUT IT OVER THE PLATE--TORO!
WAIT'LL THE DODGERS HEAR ABOUT US!
TORO, THIS WHOLE JOB HAS BEEN FIGURED OUT BY A MASTER SPY WITH HUNDREDS OF UNDERLINGS --BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DOES HE GIVE HIS ORDERS?
LOOK, TORCH! THEY'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE!
KEEP OUT
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN-- THEY ALL SEEM TO GET ORDERS AT THE SAME TIME!
SUDDENLY FLAMING UP, TORCH STREAKS TOWARD THE LAST LIVING SPY...
NO, YOU WON'T!
MAYBE NOW WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER!
MY GUN-- MELTED!
THE SPY SWIFTLY WHIPS OUT A KNIFE...
DON'T, YOU FOOL! WAIT!
HE'S DEAD!
GOOT! GOOT!
BUT... MILES AWAY, J-97 KNOWS!...
YA! AGAIN I OUTSMARTED DER HUMAN TORCH!
5

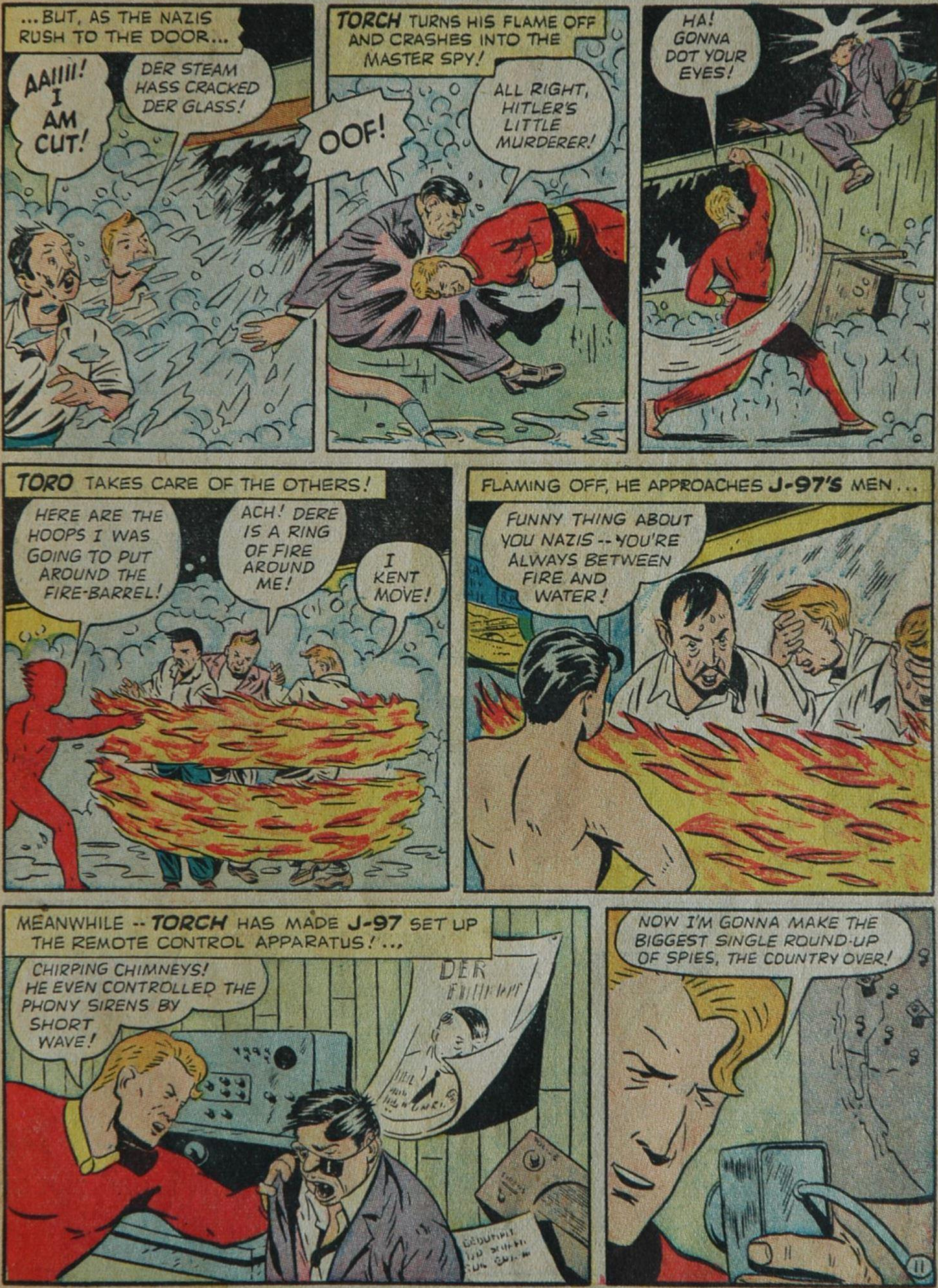

MEANWHILE, TORCH SEIZES THE SPY!
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES, TORO! IT MUST BE ---
TORCH WHISPERS ---
A SHORT-WAVE SENDING AND RECEIVING SET! --
--SHH! THIS IS HOW THE MASTER SPY KNEW EVERYTHING AND GAVE ORDERS TO ALL HIS MEN!
FLICKERING FIREFLIES! THE FIRST REAL CLUE TO THE BLACKOUT!
I'M GONNA PUT ONE ON, TOO, TORCH!
HURRY UP! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!
SUDDENLY...
ORDERS FROM J-97... T33-34-39-- REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO 18TH REGIMENT ARMORY! DOT ISS ALL!
FLAMING UP, THE TWO FIERY COMETS FLASH INTO THE NIGHT AND SOON ---
18TH REGIMENT ARMORY! WHY THAT'S THE ARSENAL -- AND ON FIRE!
GEE! WHAT A TOUGH TIME I'M HAVING -- TRYING TO KEEP MY FLAME OFF THIS SHORT-WAVE SET!
BUT, MILES AWAY --- J-97 DOES NOT KNOW OF TORCH'S DISCOVERY...
ACH! NOW VE VILL BLOW UP DER ARSENAL BEVORE DER HUMAN TORCH KNOWS ANYTHING! YA!

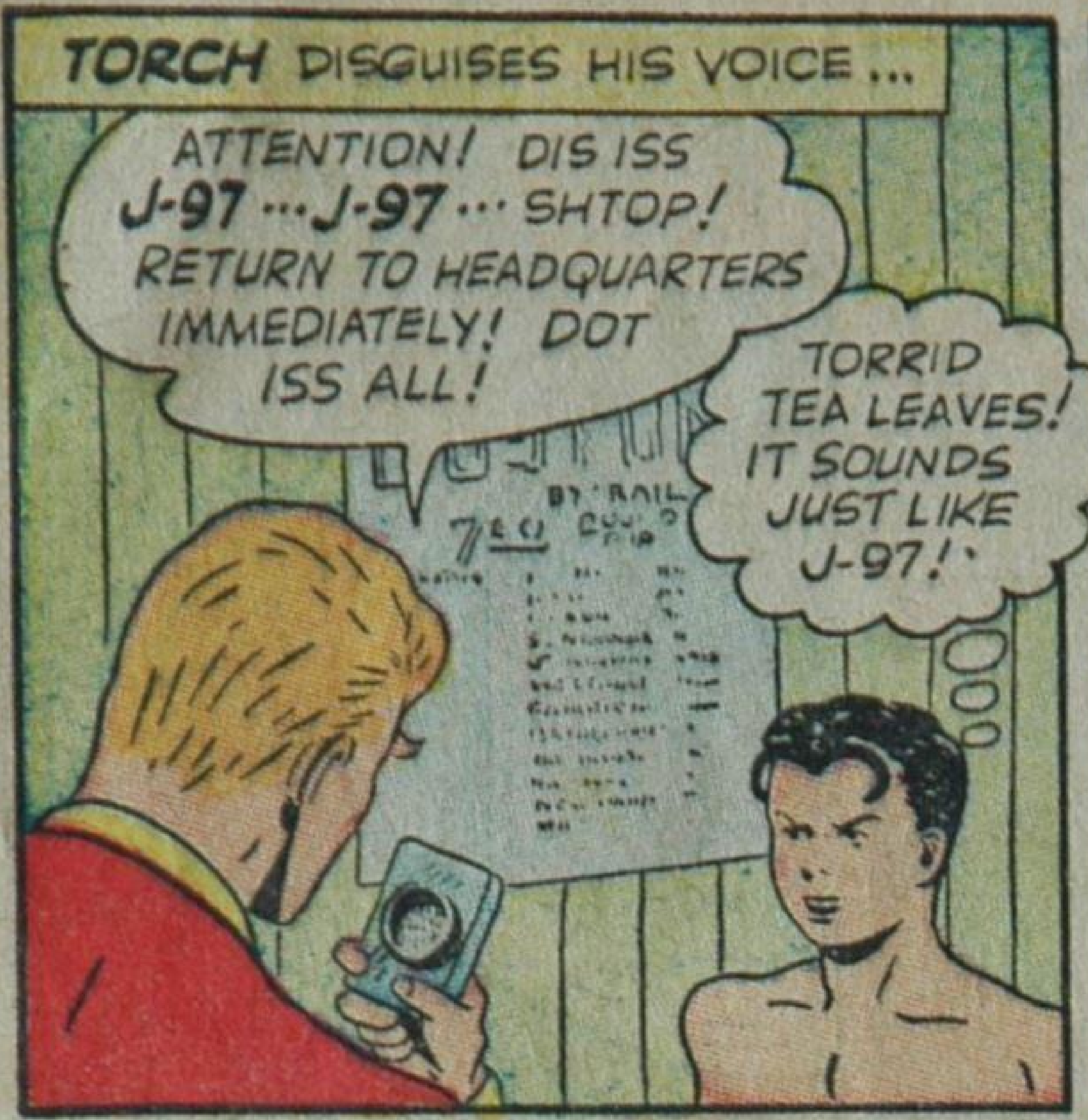

IN THE ARSENAL, TORCH AND TORO CRASH INTO J-97'S MEN...
FLAME OFF, TORO! --EXPLOSIVES!
THE HUMAN TORCH!
I'M PLENTY HOT WITHOUT IT, SEE!
J-97 HEARS --VIA THE SHORT WAVE!
VAT? -- DER HUMAN TORCH AGAIN -- I MUST GIFF DER COMMAND!
QVICK! SUICIDE! DER TORCH MUST NOT QUESTION YOU! ALL MEN AT ARSENAL-- SUICIDE!
BUT, IN THE ARSENAL, TORCH ACTS WITH AMAZING SPEED AND SILENCE!...
NO SUICIDE THIS TIME!
I MUST OBEY!
MEN AT ARSENAL-- SUICIDE!
...AS TORO TRIES TO CONTROL THE FIRES...
BACK, FLAMES! BACK! GOSH! --I'VE GOTTA BE CAREFUL WITH THIS FLAME!
I GOT THE FIRE OUT, TORCH! IS THAT GUY A SUICIDE, TOO?
YES -- HE'S DEAD!
MILES AWAY, J-97 HEARS THIS!...
HA-HA! EVERYONE DEAD -- EVERYONE A SUICIDE! DER HUMAN TORCH CAN FIND NO CLUES -- YA!

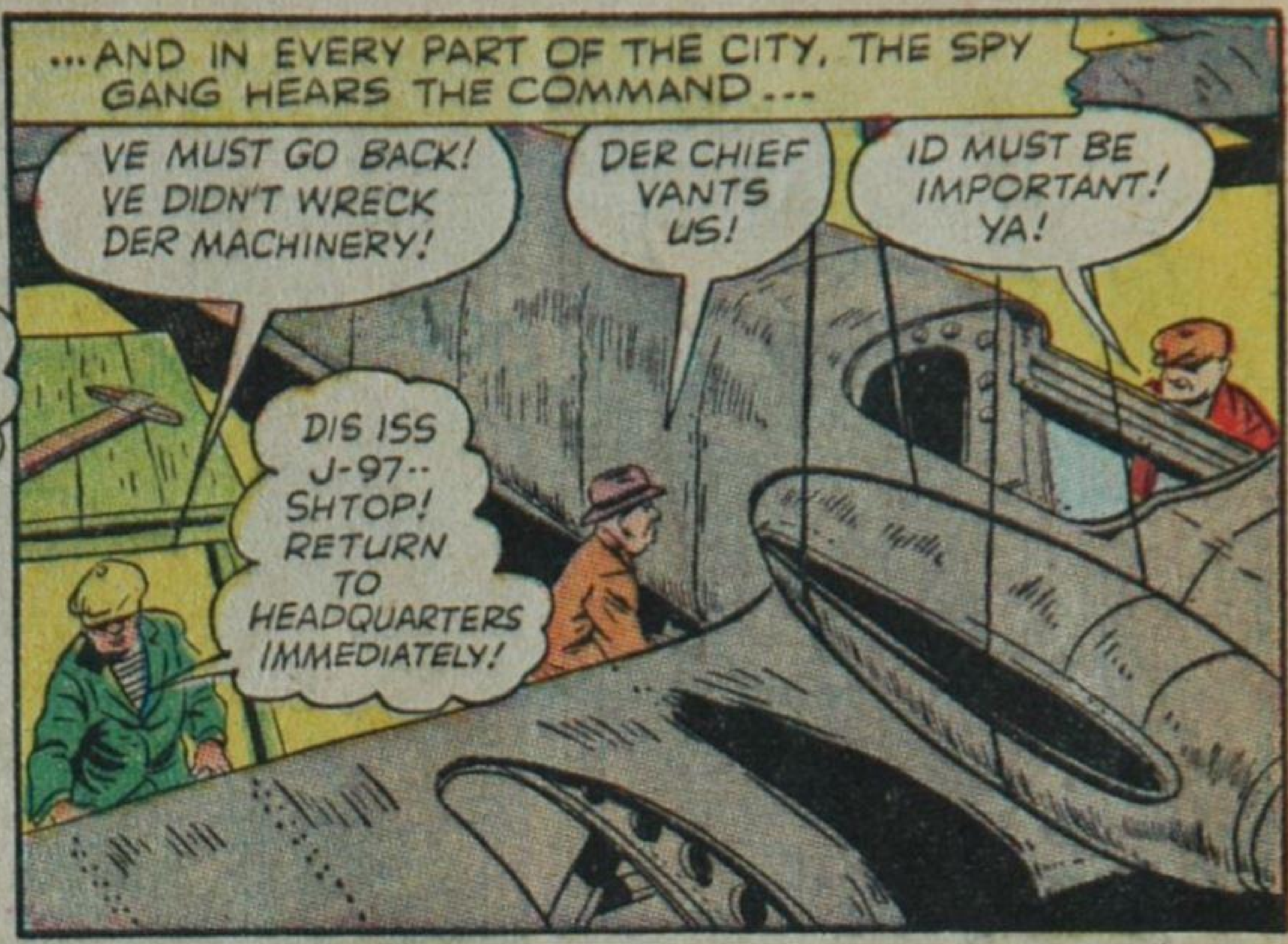

QUICKLY STRIPPING THEMSELVES OF THE SHORT WAVE SETS, TORCH AND TORO HEAD FOR J-97'S HEADQUARTERS...
SO THAT SPY WASN'T REALLY DEAD!
NO! I JUST SAID HE WAS SO THAT J-97 WOULD HEAR IT AND THINK WE'RE OFF HIS TRAIL, TORO!
I FOUND OUT WHERE J-97 IS! -- THEN I LET THIS SPY COMMIT SUICIDE -- WE'RE GONNA GIVE MISTER BIG SHOT A BIG SURPRISE! C'MON, TORO!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF J-97, MASTER SPY... ...AN OLD, UNUSED RAILROAD STATION...
DIS MAP OF NEW YORK CITY UND REPORTS VROM DER MEN SHOW DOT DER HUMAN TORCH HASS INTERFERED TOO MUCH...
YA, J-97! VE HEV ALREADY HED TO KILL TWELVE OF OUR BEST MEN -- MIT SUICIDE!
BEFORE DER BLACKOUT IS OFER, VE MUST BLOW UP DER EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
GIFF DER ORDER TO X-76 Y-42 UND Q-2!
THE SPY RUSHES OVER TO THE SHORT WAVE ---
ALL READY!
HELLO! DIS ISS J-97---
DER TORCH HASS LIGHTED UP DER MAIN STREETS UND POWER HASS BEEN RESTORED!
...SUDDENLY TORCH AND TORO SPEED THROUGH THE OPEN GLASS DOOR!
HELLO! -- THIS IS THE HUMAN TORCH!
-- AND TORO! GET READY TO SAY GOODBYE!
8

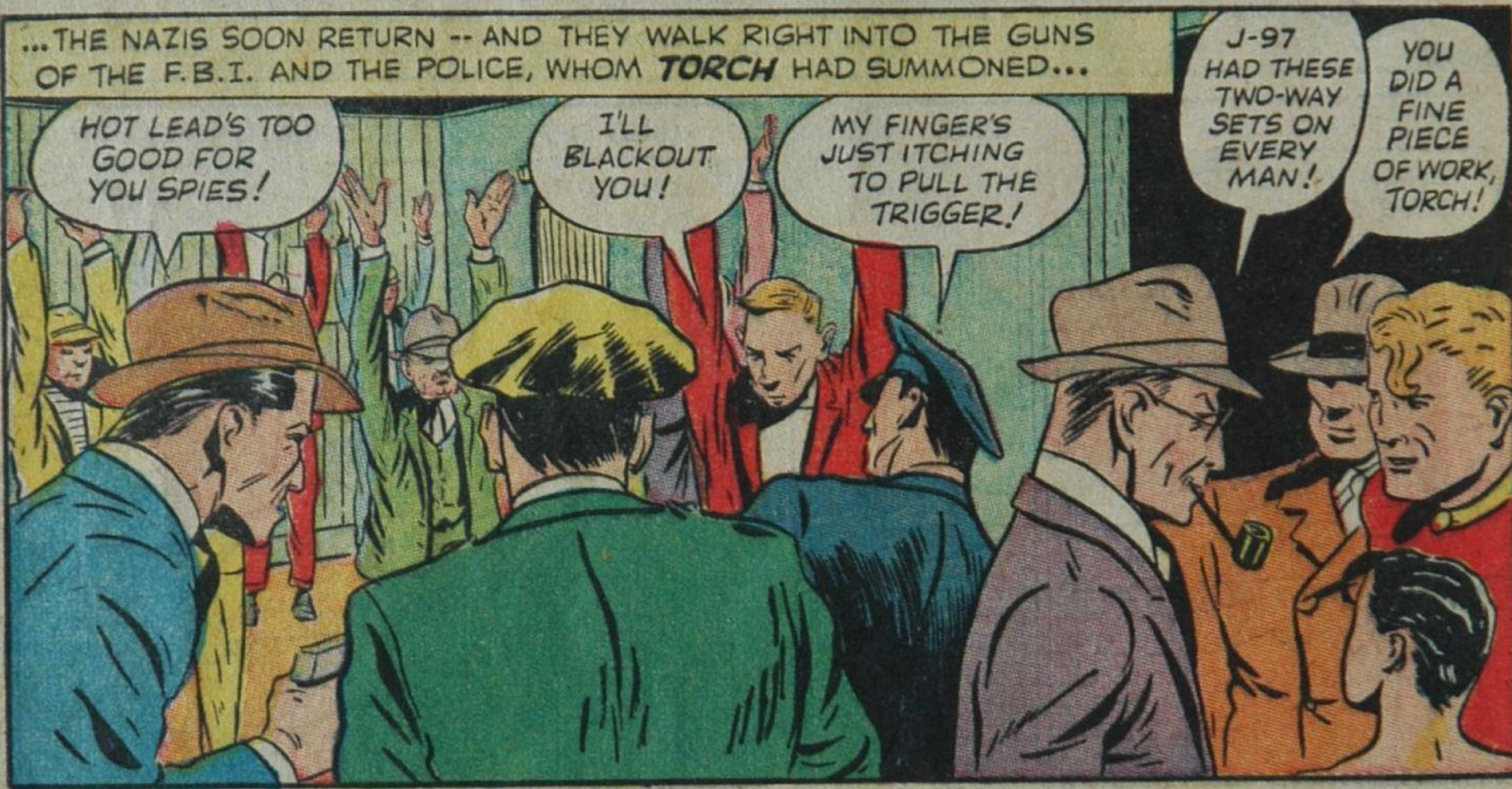

DER HUMAN TORCH!
HOW COULD HE KNOW WHERE WE ISS!?
A LITTLE FIREBUG TOLD US WHERE YOU WERE!
A LITTLE FIRE-FIST IS GONNA KEEP YOU HERE!
AAA-AAA!
MEANWHILE, TORO WHIPS OUT A FIRE-BALL!
THIS'LL KEEP YOUR EARS WARM!
YEOW!
--AND, AS SOME OF THE NAZIS RUN--
HERE'S SOME SIZZLING ELECTRICITY! --FREE OF CHARGE!-- SOME JOKE!
TORCH JOINS TORO...
I'M WRAPPING 'EM UP IN A BARREL OF FIRE, TORCH!
OKAY, HOT STUFF! WATCH ME PUT THE LID ON!
BUT --UNSEEN, J-97 REACHES FOR A FIRE-HOSE---
DERE'S ONLY VONE TING DOT STOPS FIRE--- WATER!
FIRE ALARM
FOR VICTORY
BUY
WAR
STAMPS

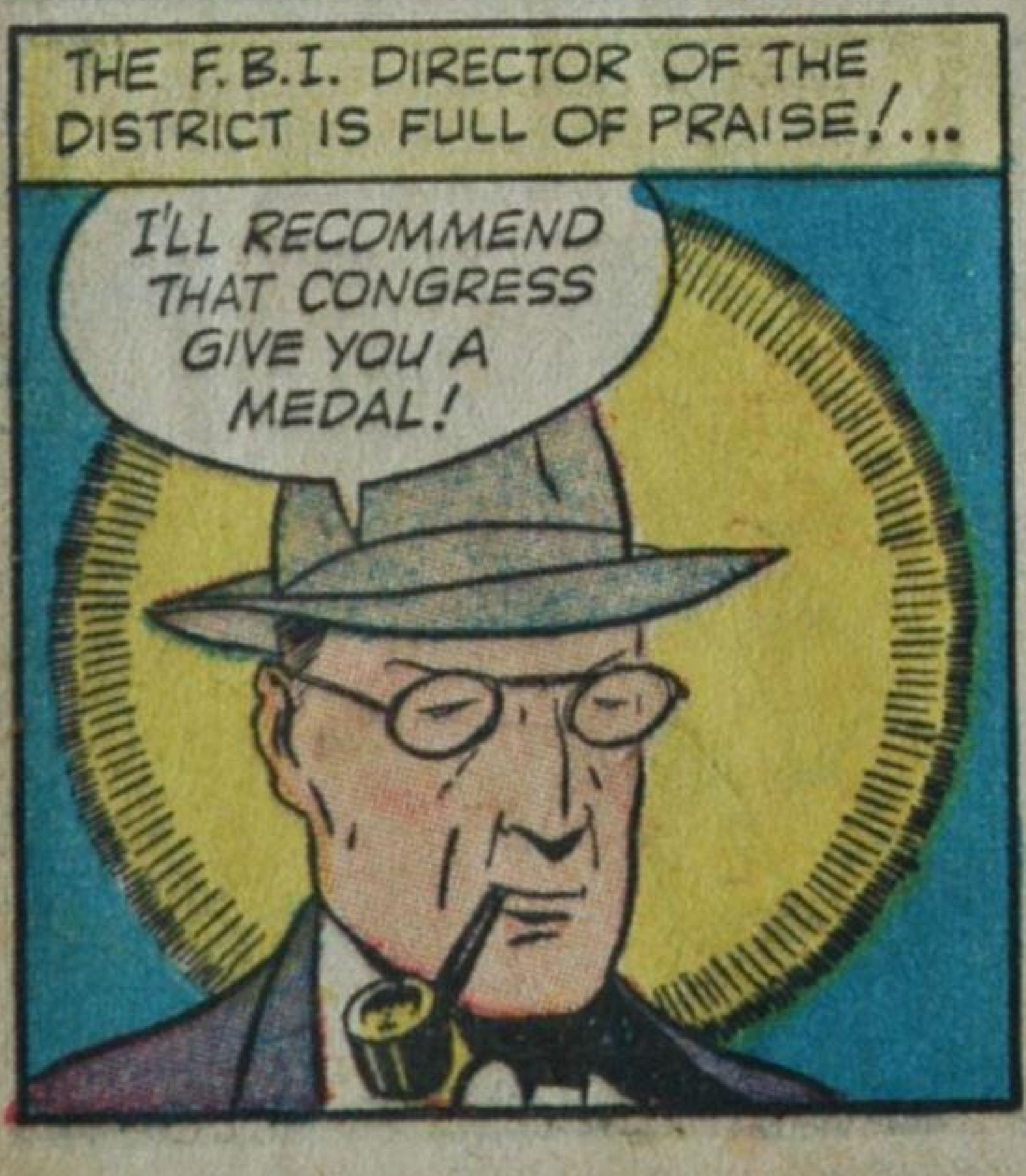

I'LL PUD DOSE FALSE FLAMES OUDT IN A SECONDT!
SIZZLING SOUP! MY FLAME'S OUT!
MINE, TOO!
TORCH THINKS QUICKLY!
WATER PUTS OUT FIRE-- BUT FIRE HEATS UP WATER, TORO!
I GET YA, TORCH!
FIRST WE GET AWAY FROM THIS IMITATION RIVER!
TELEGRAPH
KEEP OUT
DER FIRE ISS GOING OUDT!
HA-HA! DEY TOUGHT DEY VASS SMARTER DEN J-97!
NOW WE FLAME UP!
HERE'S WHERE THE FIRE SHOW STARTS!
VOT ISS! ?
WEAVING IN AND OUT WITH SUCH AMAZING SPEED THAT THE HOSE CANNOT FOLLOW THEM, THE SONS-OF-FIRE TURN THE WATER IN THE GLASS-ENCLOSED ROOM INTO HOT STEAM!
THIS SAVES THE PRICE OF A TURKISH BATH, TORO !
BOY! --ARE THOSE NAZIS STEAMED UP!

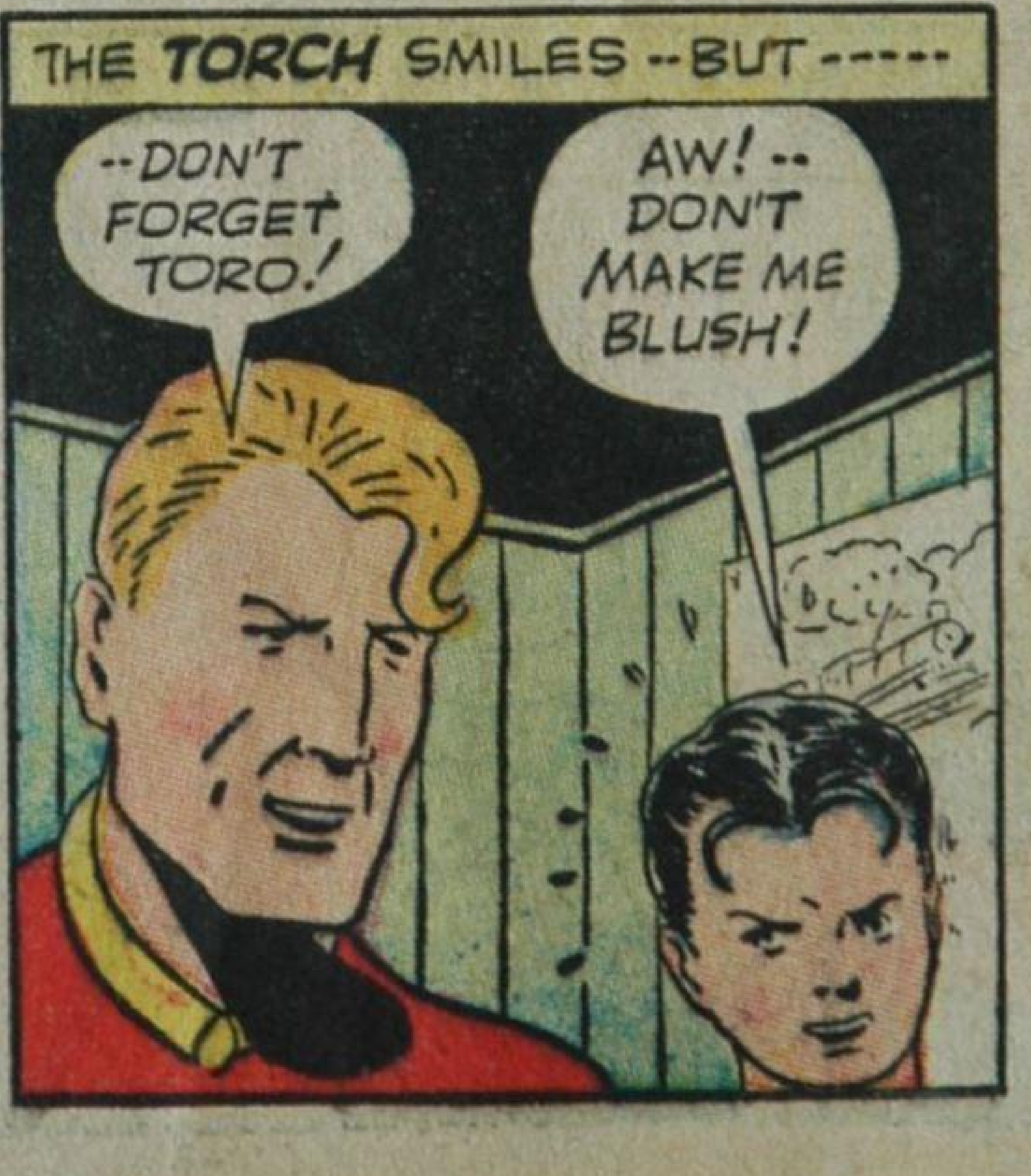

...BUT, AS THE NAZIS RUSH TO THE DOOR...
AAIIII! I AM CUT!
DER STEAM HASS CRACKED DER GLASS!
TORCH TURNS HIS FLAME OFF AND CRASHES INTO THE MASTER SPY!
OOF!
ALL RIGHT, HITLER'S LITTLE MURDERER!
HA! GONNA DOT YOUR EYES!
TORO TAKES CARE OF THE OTHERS!
HERE ARE THE HOOPS I WAS GOING TO PUT AROUND THE FIRE-BARREL!
ACH! DERE IS A RING OF FIRE AROUND ME!
I KENT MOVE!
FLAMING OFF, HE APPROACHES J-97'S MEN...
FUNNY THING ABOUT YOU NAZIS -- YOU'RE ALWAYS BETWEEN FIRE AND WATER!
MEANWHILE -- TORCH HAS MADE J-97 SET UP THE REMOTE CONTROL APPARATUS!...
CHIRPING CHIMNEYS! HE EVEN CONTROLLED THE PHONY SIRENS BY SHORT WAVE!
DER
NOW I'M GONNA MAKE THE BIGGEST SINGLE ROUND-UP OF SPIES, THE COUNTRY OVER!
11


TORCH DISGUISES HIS VOICE...
ATTENTION! DIS ISS J-97...J-97...SHTOP! RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY! DOT ISS ALL!
TORRID TEA LEAVES! IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE J-97!
BY RAIL


...AND IN EVERY PART OF THE CITY, THE SPY GANG HEARS THE COMMAND...
VE MUST GO BACK! VE DIDN'T WRECK DER MACHINERY!
DER CHIEF VANTS US!
ID MUST BE IMPORTANT! YA!
DIS ISS J-97-- SHTOP! RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY!


...THE NAZIS SOON RETURN -- AND THEY WALK RIGHT INTO THE GUNS OF THE F.B.I. AND THE POLICE, WHOM TORCH HAD SUMMONED...
HOT LEAD'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU SPIES!
I'LL BLACKOUT YOU!
MY FINGER'S JUST ITCHING TO PULL THE TRIGGER!
J-97 HAD THESE TWO-WAY SETS ON EVERY MAN!
YOU DID A FINE PIECE OF WORK, TORCH!


THE F.B.I. DIRECTOR OF THE DISTRICT IS FULL OF PRAISE!...
I'LL RECOMMEND THAT CONGRESS GIVE YOU A MEDAL!


THE TORCH SMILES --BUT -----
--DON'T FORGET TORO!
AW! -- DON'T MAKE ME BLUSH!

WE DON'T PIN ANY MEDALS ON

HUMAN TORCH

OR HIS LITTLE PAL

TORO

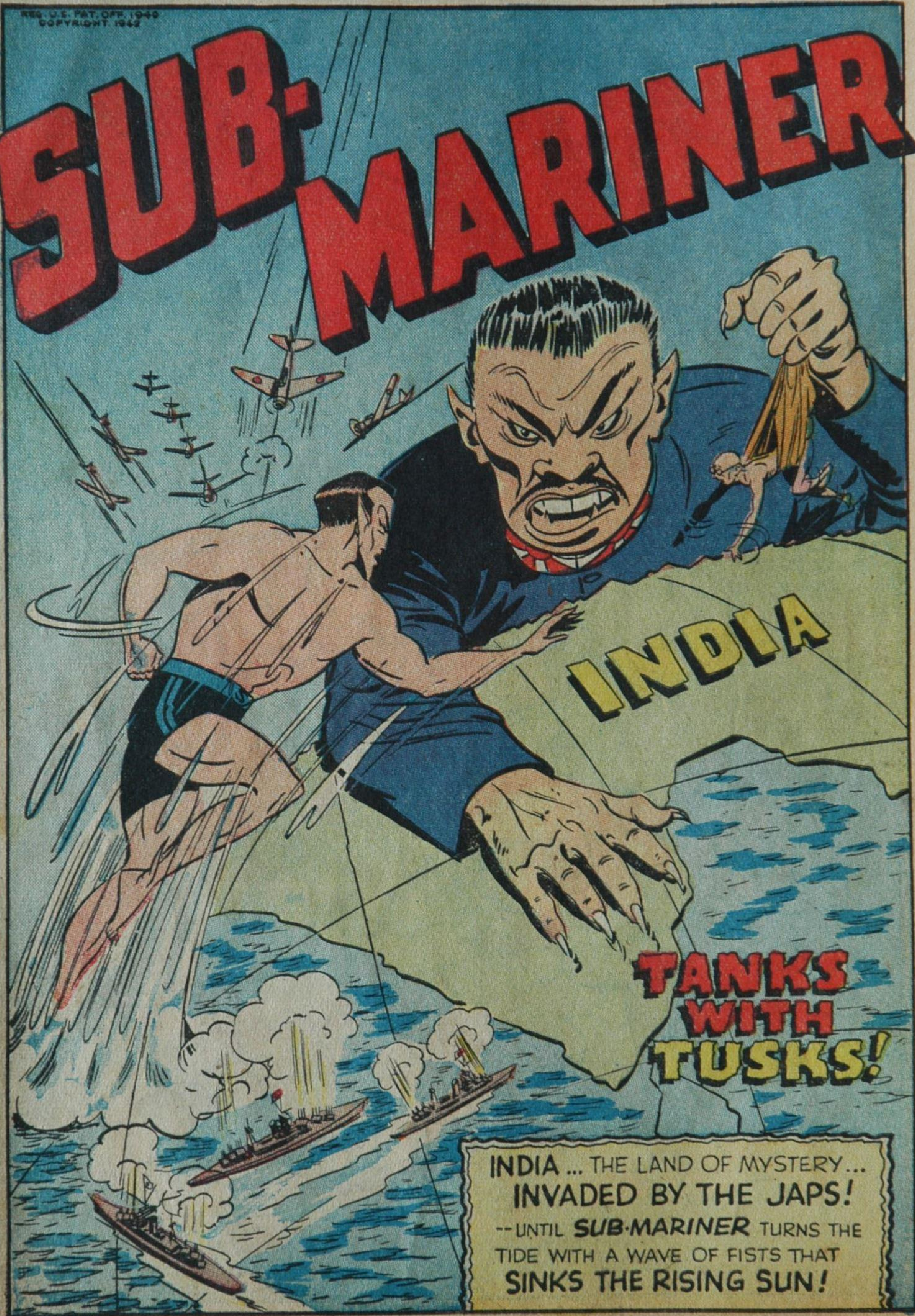
WE DON'T NEED TO--- *THEY'RE SO 'HOT'!*

IN EVERY ISSUE OF

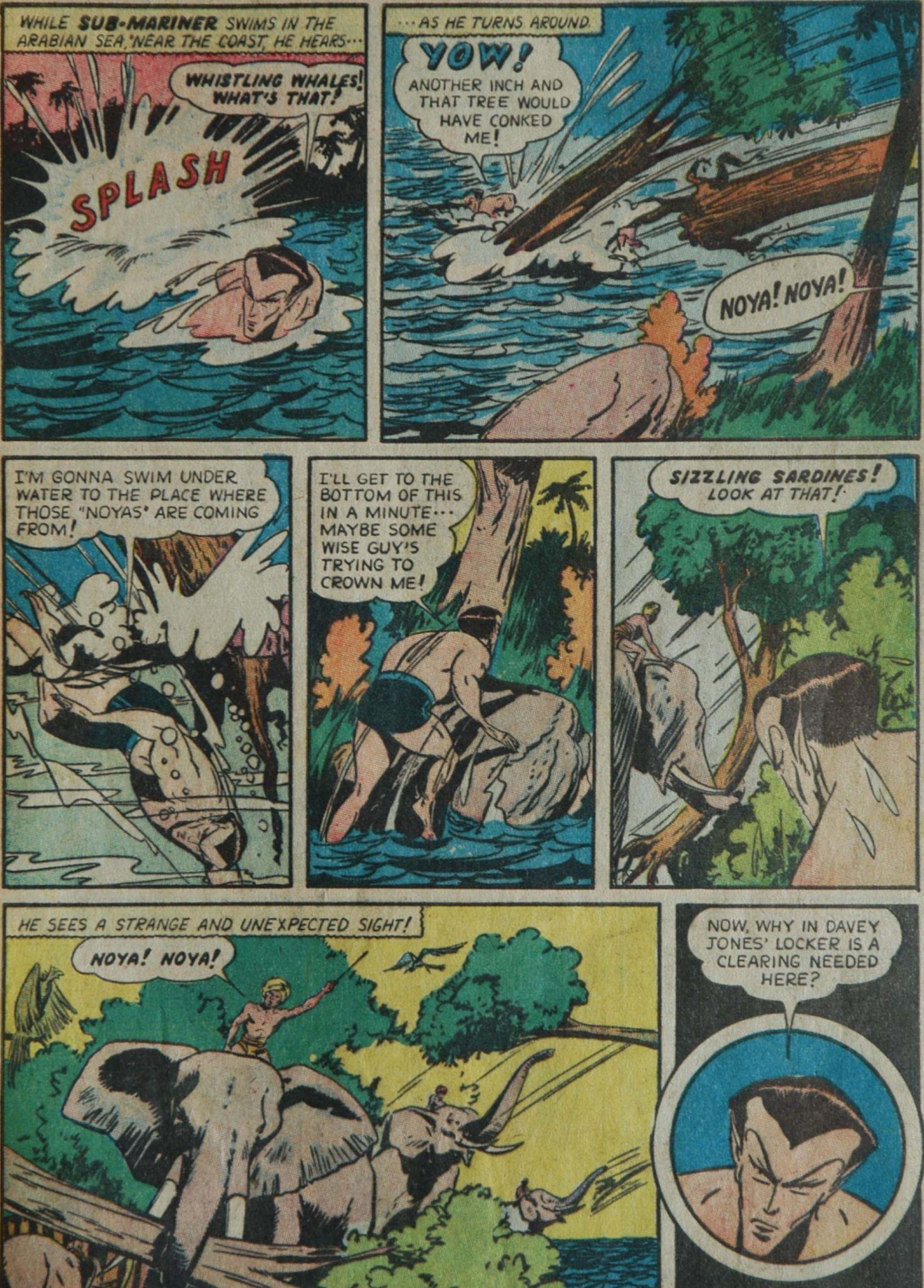
MARVEL COMICS

LIKE A COMET!
ZOOMING ACROSS AMERICA COMES THE GREATEST, FUNNIEST AND MOST POPULAR LAFF MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED!
64 PAGES OF LAFFS!
TAKE IT FROM ME, KIDS, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! THIS NEW #2 ISSUE IS TERRIFIC!
KRAZY KOMICS
No. 2
10¢
SEPTEMBER
REWARD!
TOUGHY TOMCAT
BUNNY CATCHER
JUNIOR G-MEN BE ON LOOKOUT!
JUNIOR G MAN

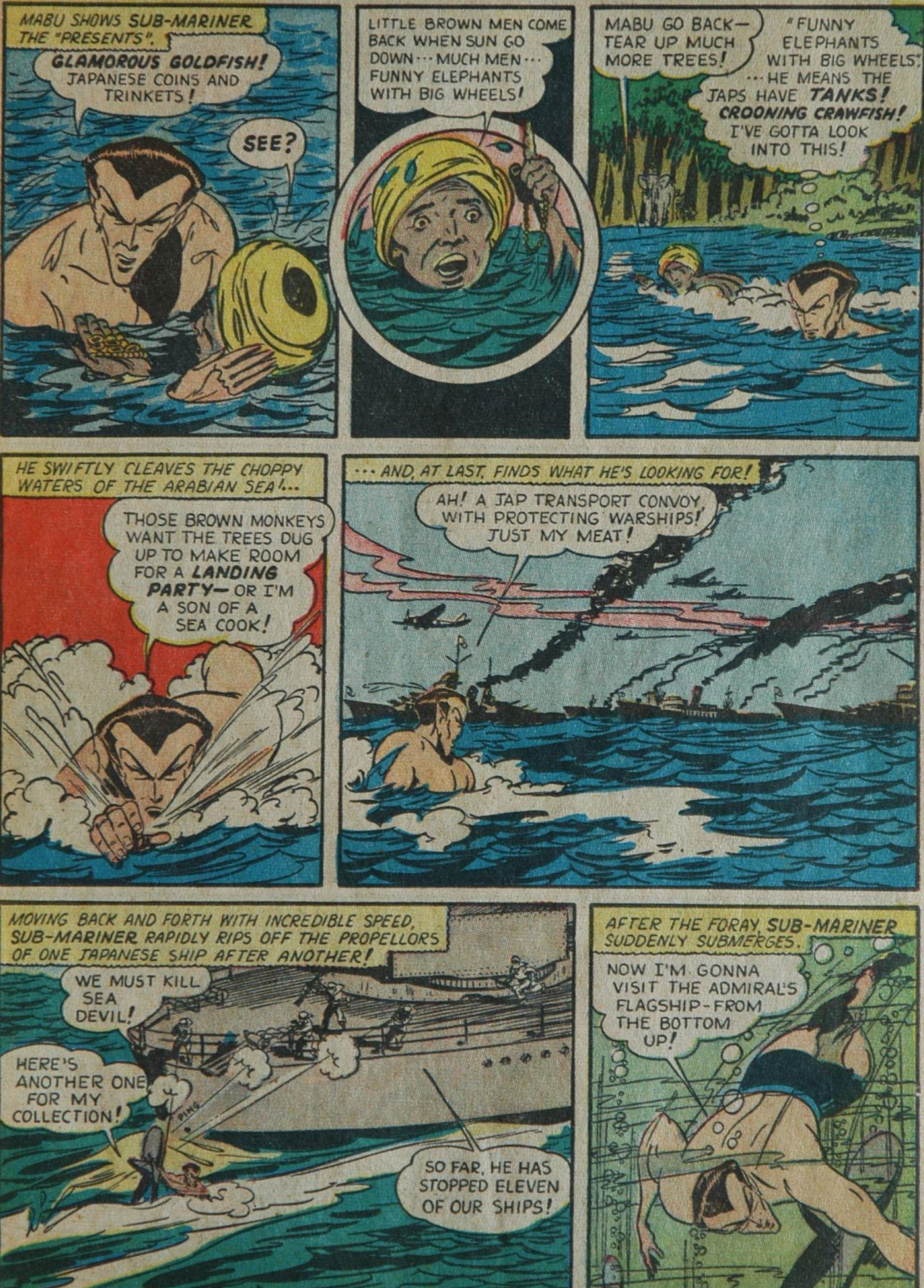
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1942

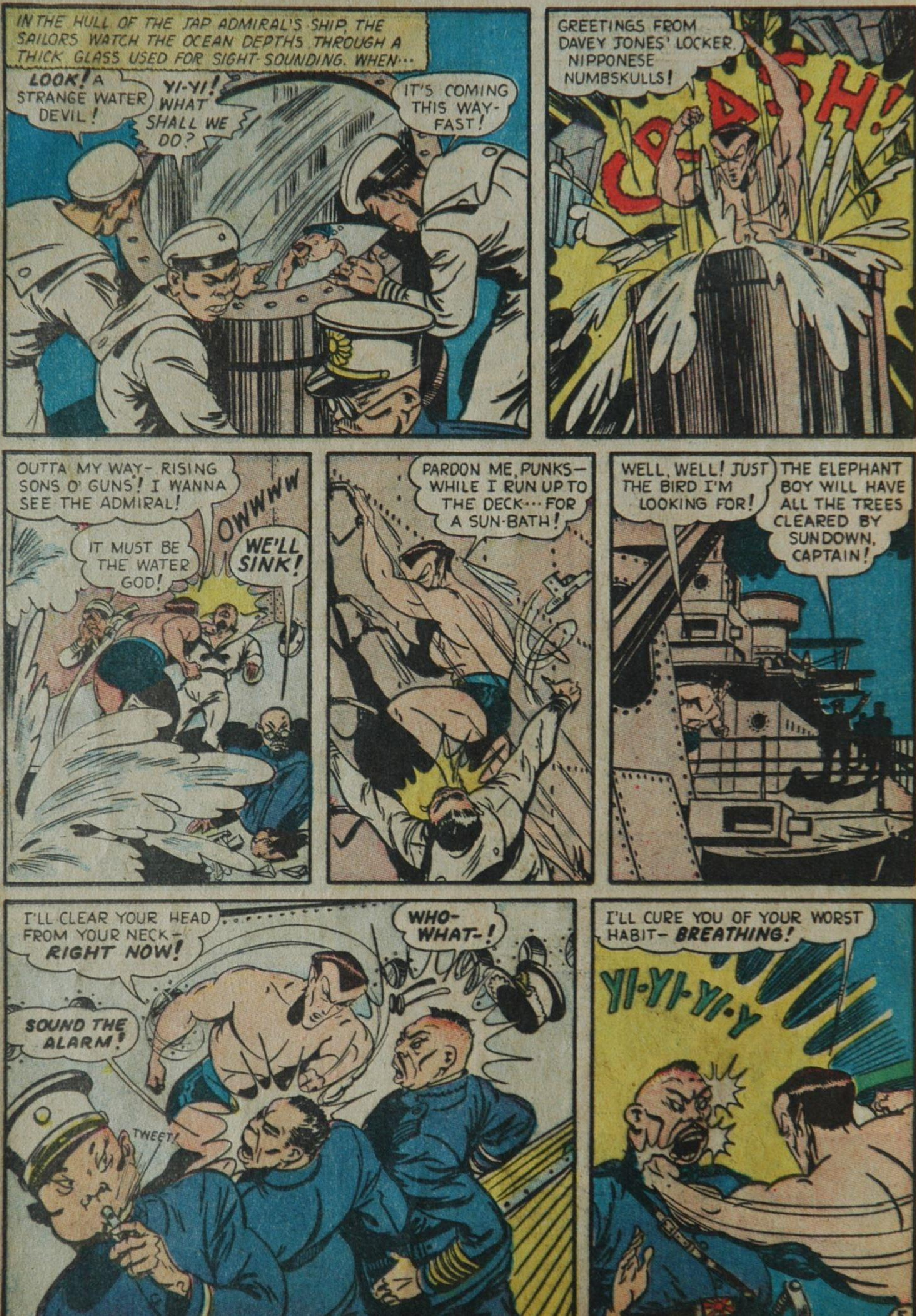


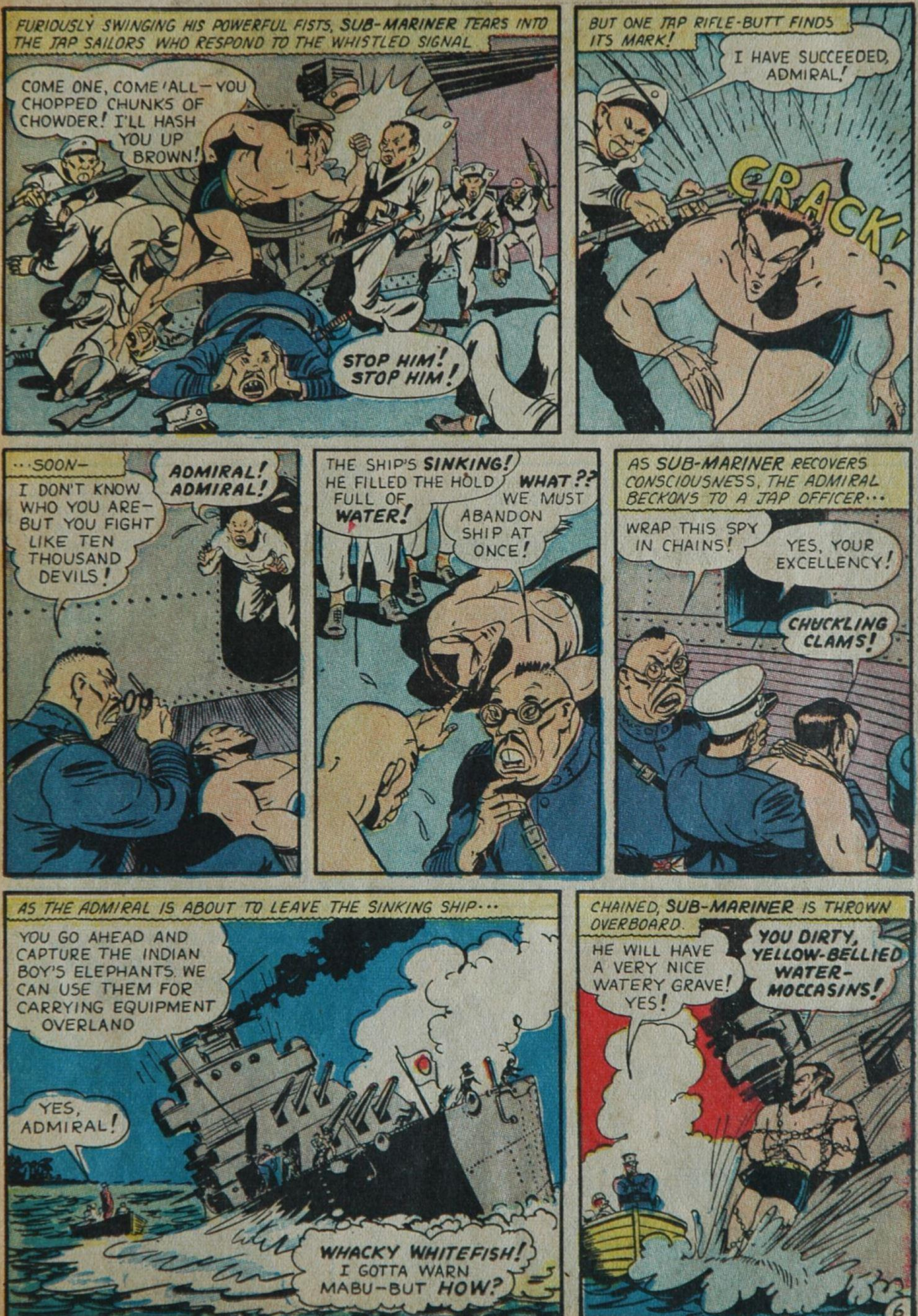
SUB-MARINER
INDIA
TANKS WITH TUSKS!
INDIA ... THE LAND OF MYSTERY ... INVADED BY THE JAPS! --UNTIL SUB-MARINER TURNS THE TIDE WITH A WAVE OF FISTS THAT SINKS THE RISING SUN!

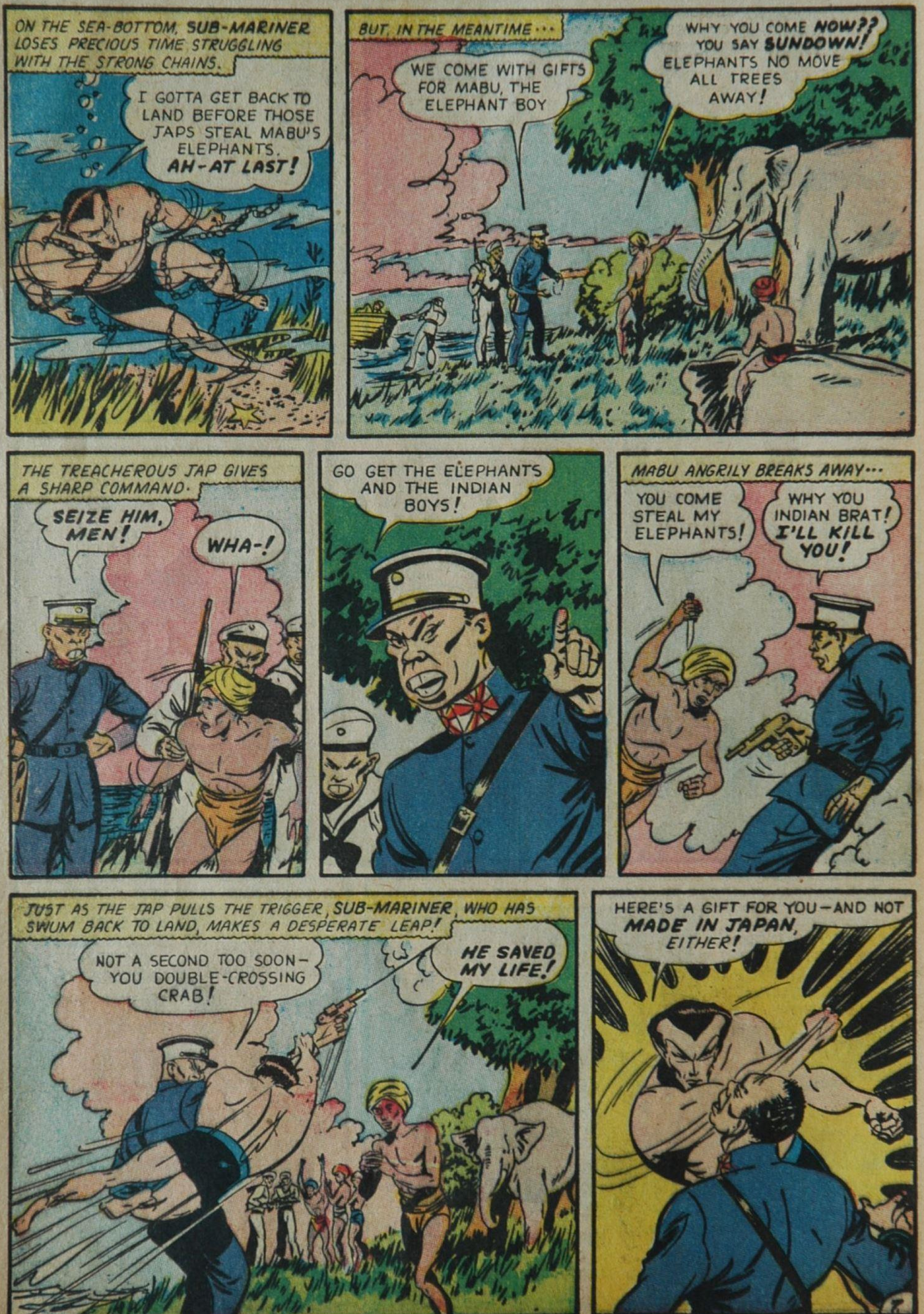

WHILE SUB-MARINER SWIMS IN THE ARABIAN SEA, NEAR THE COAST, HE HEARS...
WHISTLING WHALES! WHAT'S THAT!
SPLASH
...AS HE TURNS AROUND.
YOW! ANOTHER INCH AND THAT TREE WOULD HAVE CONKED ME!
NOYA! NOYA!
I'M GONNA SWIM UNDER WATER TO THE PLACE WHERE THOSE "NOYAS" ARE COMING FROM!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IN A MINUTE... MAYBE SOME WISE GUY'S TRYING TO CROWN ME!
SIZZLING SARDINES! LOOK AT THAT!
HE SEES A STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED SIGHT!
NOYA! NOYA!
NOW, WHY IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER IS A CLEARING NEEDED HERE?
2

HE WALKS OVER TO THE YOUNG INDIAN LEADER.
YOU—WHY ARE THE ELEPHANTS PULLING UP THE TREES?
HUH?
SUDDENLY THE ELEPHANT BOY SHOUTS A COMMAND.
NOYA! NOYA!
SUB-MARINER IS SWEPT OFF HIS FEET!
HEY! DO I LOOK LIKE A TREE?
...AND HEAVED INTO THE WATER!
NOYA! NOYA!
MABU!
GALLOPING GUPPIES!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, SUB-MARINER CREEPS BACK...
NOYA!
I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT THIS "NOYA" BUSINESS IS ALL ABOUT.
HE SWIFTLY SEIZES THE ELEPHANT BOY!
AAAA!
NOW YOU'RE GOING INTO THE WATER!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL HOLD ONTO YOU!
YAAA!
THE WATER TREATMENT CONVINCES THE NATIVE THAT HE'D BETTER TALK!
ME MABU, THE ELEPHANT BOY. LITTLE BROWN MEN COME FROM SHIP—GIVE PRESENTS TO INDIAN BOYS IF ELEPHANTS PULL UP TREES!
LITTLE BROWN MEN?

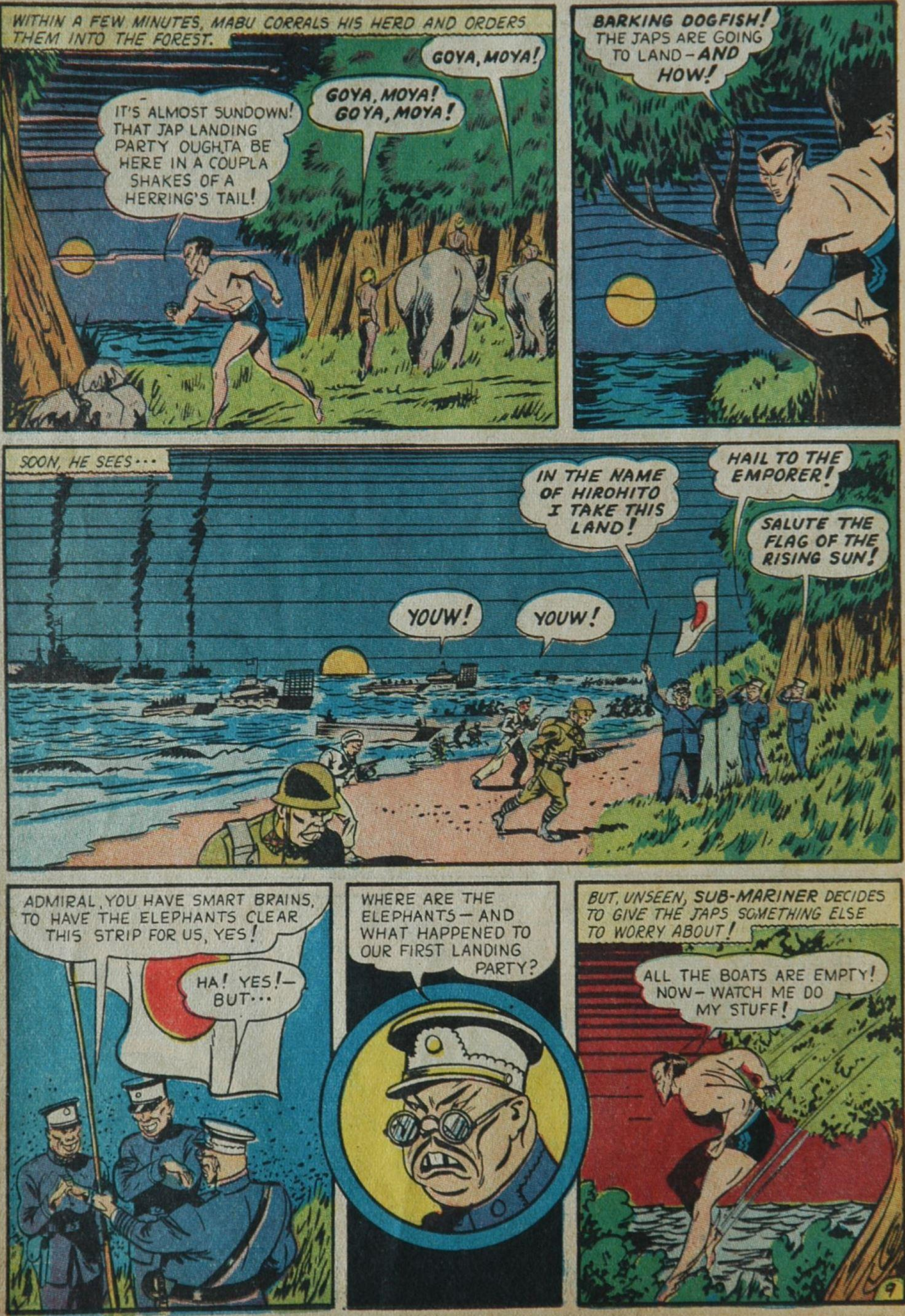

MABU SHOWS SUB-MARINER THE "PRESENTS".
GLAMOROUS GOLDFISH! JAPANESE COINS AND TRINKETS!
SEE?
LITTLE BROWN MEN COME BACK WHEN SUN GO DOWN... MUCH MEN... FUNNY ELEPHANTS WITH BIG WHEELS!
MABU GO BACK— TEAR UP MUCH MORE TREES!
"FUNNY ELEPHANTS WITH BIG WHEELS"... HE MEANS THE JAPS HAVE TANKS! CROONING CRAWFISH! I'VE GOTTA LOOK INTO THIS!
HE SWIFTLY CLEAVES THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE ARABIAN SEA!...
THOSE BROWN MONKEYS WANT THE TREES DUG UP TO MAKE ROOM FOR A LANDING PARTY— OR I'M A SON OF A SEA COOK!
... AND, AT LAST, FINDS WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR!
AH! A JAP TRANSPORT CONVOY, WITH PROTECTING WARSHIPS! JUST MY MEAT!
MOVING BACK AND FORTH WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, SUB-MARINER RAPIDLY RIPS OFF THE PROPELLORS OF ONE JAPANESE SHIP AFTER ANOTHER!
WE MUST KILL SEA DEVIL!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR MY COLLECTION!
PING
SO FAR, HE HAS STOPPED ELEVEN OF OUR SHIPS!
AFTER THE FORAY, SUB-MARINER SUDDENLY SUBMERGES.
NOW I'M GONNA VISIT THE ADMIRAL'S FLAGSHIP—FROM THE BOTTOM UP!
4

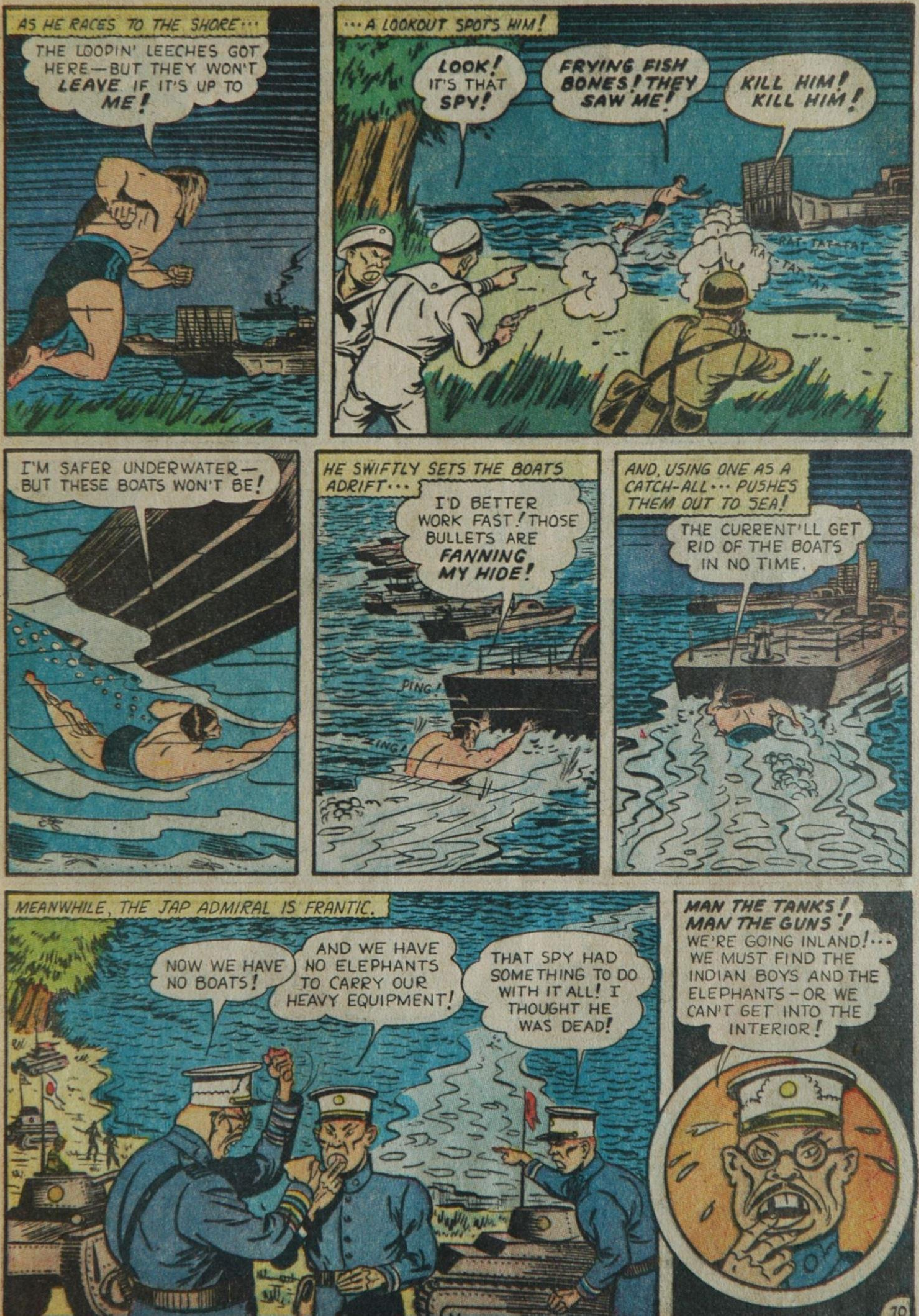

IN THE HULL OF THE JAP ADMIRAL'S SHIP, THE SAILORS WATCH THE OCEAN DEPTHS THROUGH A THICK GLASS USED FOR SIGHT-SOUNDING. WHEN···
LOOK! A STRANGE WATER DEVIL!
YI-YI! WHAT SHALL WE DO?
IT'S COMING THIS WAY-FAST!
GREETINGS FROM DAVEY JONES' LOCKER, NIPPONESE NUMBSKULLS!
CRASH!
OUTTA MY WAY- RISING SONS O' GUNS! I WANNA SEE THE ADMIRAL!
OWWWW
IT MUST BE THE WATER GOD!
WE'LL SINK!
PARDON ME, PUNKS- WHILE I RUN UP TO THE DECK··· FOR A SUN-BATH!
WELL, WELL! JUST THE BIRD I'M LOOKING FOR!
THE ELEPHANT BOY WILL HAVE ALL THE TREES CLEARED BY SUNDOWN, CAPTAIN!
I'LL CLEAR YOUR HEAD FROM YOUR NECK- RIGHT NOW!
WHO- WHAT-!
SOUND THE ALARM!
TWEET!
I'LL CURE YOU OF YOUR WORST HABIT- BREATHING!
YI-YI-YI-YI-Y
5


FURIOUSLY SWINGING HIS POWERFUL FISTS, SUB-MARINER TEARS INTO THE JAP SAILORS WHO RESPOND TO THE WHISTLED SIGNAL
COME ONE, COME ALL—YOU CHOPPED CHUNKS OF CHOWDER! I'LL HASH YOU UP BROWN!
STOP HIM! STOP HIM!
BUT ONE JAP RIFLE-BUTT FINDS ITS MARK!
I HAVE SUCCEEDED, ADMIRAL!
CRACK!
...SOON—
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE—BUT YOU FIGHT LIKE TEN THOUSAND DEVILS!
ADMIRAL! ADMIRAL!
THE SHIP'S SINKING! HE FILLED THE HOLD FULL OF WATER!
WHAT?? WE MUST ABANDON SHIP AT ONCE!
AS SUB-MARINER RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS, THE ADMIRAL BECKONS TO A JAP OFFICER...
WRAP THIS SPY IN CHAINS!
YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY!
CHUCKLING CLAMS!
AS THE ADMIRAL IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP...
YOU GO AHEAD AND CAPTURE THE INDIAN BOY'S ELEPHANTS. WE CAN USE THEM FOR CARRYING EQUIPMENT OVERLAND
YES, ADMIRAL!
WHACKY WHITEFISH! I GOTTA WARN MABU—BUT HOW?
CHAINED, SUB-MARINER IS THROWN OVERBOARD.
HE WILL HAVE A VERY NICE WATERY GRAVE! YES!
YOU DIRTY, YELLOW-BELLIED WATER-MOCCASINS!

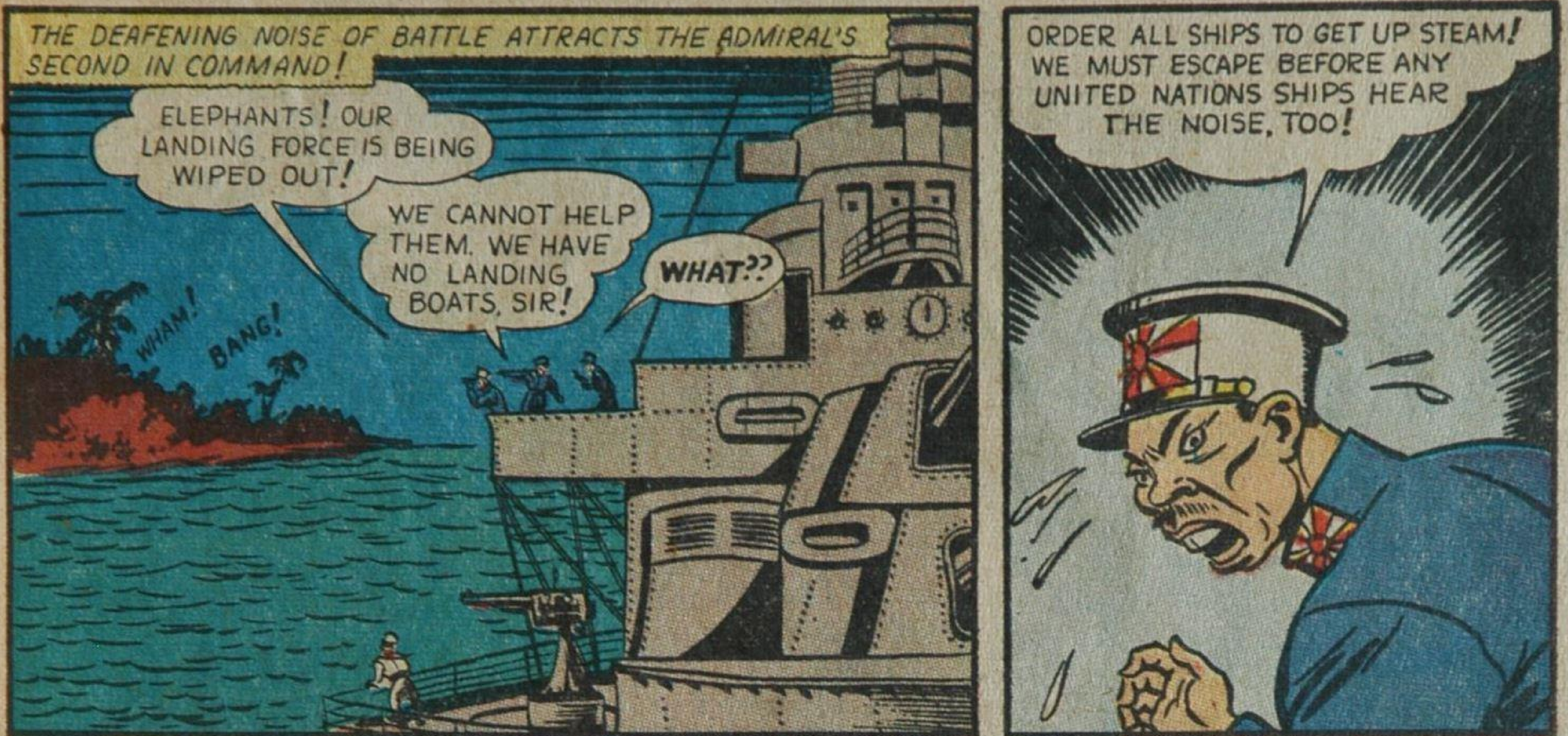

ON THE SEA-BOTTOM, SUB-MARINER LOSES PRECIOUS TIME STRUGGLING WITH THE STRONG CHAINS.
I GOTTA GET BACK TO LAND BEFORE THOSE JAPS STEAL MABU'S ELEPHANTS. AH-AT LAST!
BUT, IN THE MEANTIME...
WE COME WITH GIFTS FOR MABU, THE ELEPHANT BOY
WHY YOU COME NOW?? YOU SAY SUNDOWN! ELEPHANTS NO MOVE ALL TREES AWAY!
THE TREACHEROUS JAP GIVES A SHARP COMMAND.
SEIZE HIM, MEN!
WHA-!
GO GET THE ELEPHANTS AND THE INDIAN BOYS!
MABU ANGRILY BREAKS AWAY...
YOU COME STEAL MY ELEPHANTS!
WHY YOU INDIAN BRAT! I'LL KILL YOU!
JUST AS THE JAP PULLS THE TRIGGER, SUB-MARINER, WHO HAS SWUM BACK TO LAND, MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP!
NOT A SECOND TOO SOON-YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING CRAB!
HE SAVED MY LIFE!
HERE'S A GIFT FOR YOU-AND NOT MADE IN JAPAN, EITHER!
7

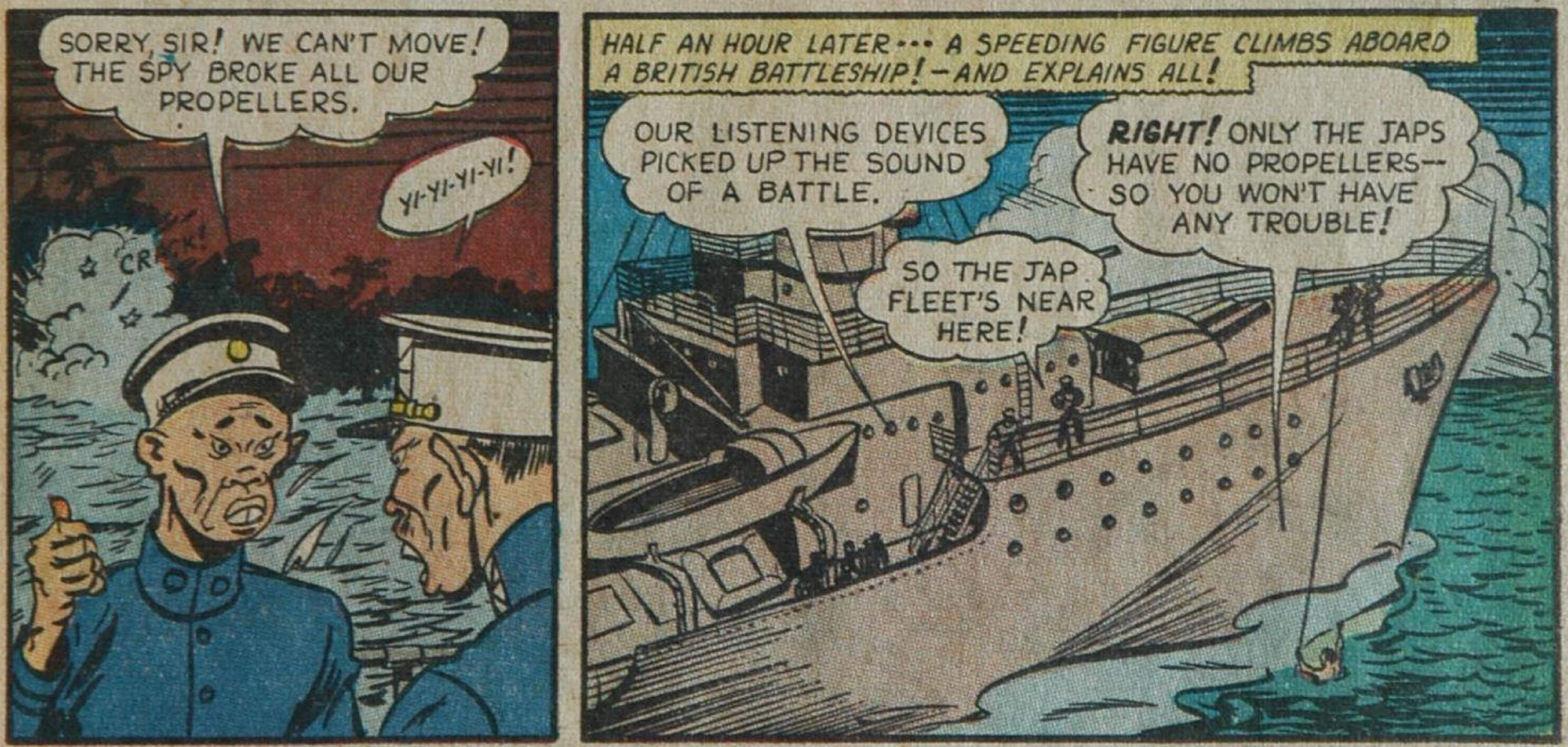
AS SUB-MARINER RECKLESSLY SLAMS INTO THE JAPS, MABU RUNS OFF.
MABU GO GET MORE ELEPHANTS!
I'LL KNOCK THESE SLAP-HAPPY JAPPIES RIGHT BACK TO TOKIO!
YI-YI-YI-YI
OOOOOO
THAT POLISHES THEM OFF! SHIVERING SHAD!- THE ELEPHANTS ARE COMING!
SUB-MARINER JUMPS BACK AS THE ANGRY MABU'S ELEPHANTS CHARGE THE JAPS, TRAMPLING THEM TO DEATH!
NOYA, NOYA! NOYA, NOYA!
NOYA! NOYA!
WOW!
YI-YI-YI
YO-YO-YO!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
ME FRIENDS!- LITTLE BROWN MEN LIE-TRY TO STEAL MABU'S ELEPHANTS!
THEY'RE NO GOOD! BROWN MEN WANT TO STEAL ALL INDIA, TOO!
YOU TAKE ELEPHANTS AND MOVE INTO FOREST. HAVE BAD FIRE GUNS EVEN MAKE HOLES IN ELEPHANTS!
SUDDENLY MABU LAUGHS!
HA! HA! NO ONE CAN MAKE HOLE IN ELEPHANT'S THICK HIDE-NOT EVEN WITH SHARP AXES!
WHAT???
SIZZLING SARDINES! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

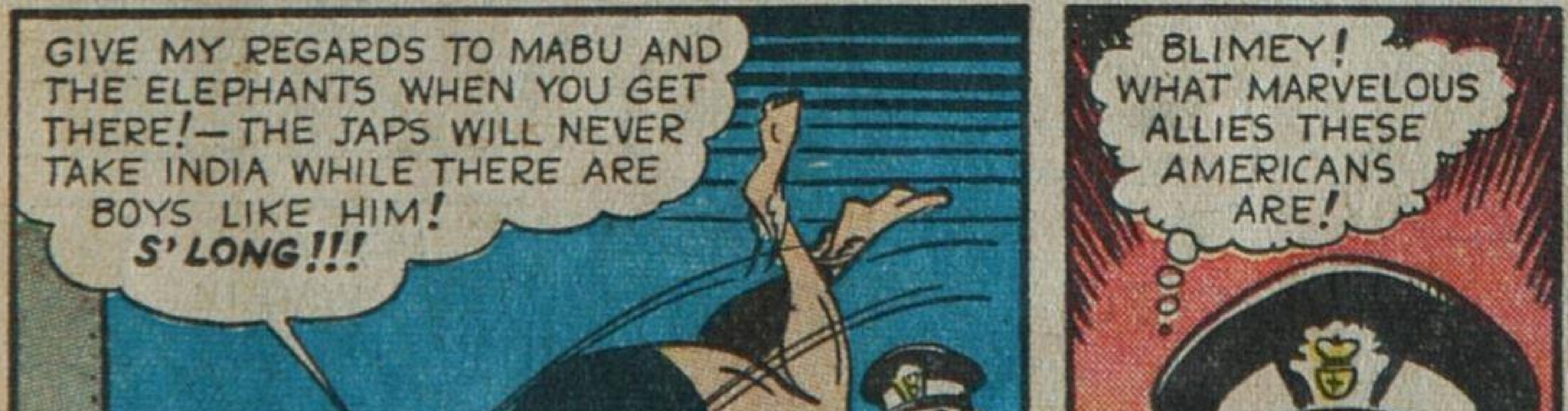

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, MABU CORRALS HIS HERD AND ORDERS THEM INTO THE FOREST.
GOYA, MOYA!
GOYA, MOYA! GOYA, MOYA!
IT'S ALMOST SUNDOWN! THAT JAP LANDING PARTY OUGHTA BE HERE IN A COUPLA SHAKES OF A HERRING'S TAIL!
BARKING DOGFISH! THE JAPS ARE GOING TO LAND—AND HOW!
SOON, HE SEES···
IN THE NAME OF HIROHITO I TAKE THIS LAND!
HAIL TO THE EMPORER!
SALUTE THE FLAG OF THE RISING SUN!
YOUW!
YOUW!
ADMIRAL, YOU HAVE SMART BRAINS, TO HAVE THE ELEPHANTS CLEAR THIS STRIP FOR US, YES!
HA! YES!— BUT···
WHERE ARE THE ELEPHANTS—AND WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR FIRST LANDING PARTY?
BUT, UNSEEN, SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO GIVE THE JAPS SOMETHING ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT!
ALL THE BOATS ARE EMPTY! NOW—WATCH ME DO MY STUFF!


AS HE RACES TO THE SHORE···
THE LOOPIN' LEECHES GOT HERE—BUT THEY WON'T LEAVE IF IT'S UP TO ME!
···A LOOKOUT SPOTS HIM!
LOOK! IT'S THAT SPY!
FRYING FISH BONES! THEY SAW ME!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT
I'M SAFER UNDERWATER—BUT THESE BOATS WON'T BE!
HE SWIFTLY SETS THE BOATS ADRIFT···
I'D BETTER WORK FAST! THOSE BULLETS ARE FANNING MY HIDE!
PING!
ZING!
AND, USING ONE AS A CATCH-ALL··· PUSHES THEM OUT TO SEA!
THE CURRENT'LL GET RID OF THE BOATS IN NO TIME.
MEANWHILE, THE JAP ADMIRAL IS FRANTIC.
NOW WE HAVE NO BOATS!
AND WE HAVE NO ELEPHANTS TO CARRY OUR HEAVY EQUIPMENT!
THAT SPY HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT ALL! I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!
MAN THE TANKS! MAN THE GUNS! WE'RE GOING INLAND!··· WE MUST FIND THE INDIAN BOYS AND THE ELEPHANTS—OR WE CAN'T GET INTO THE INTERIOR!

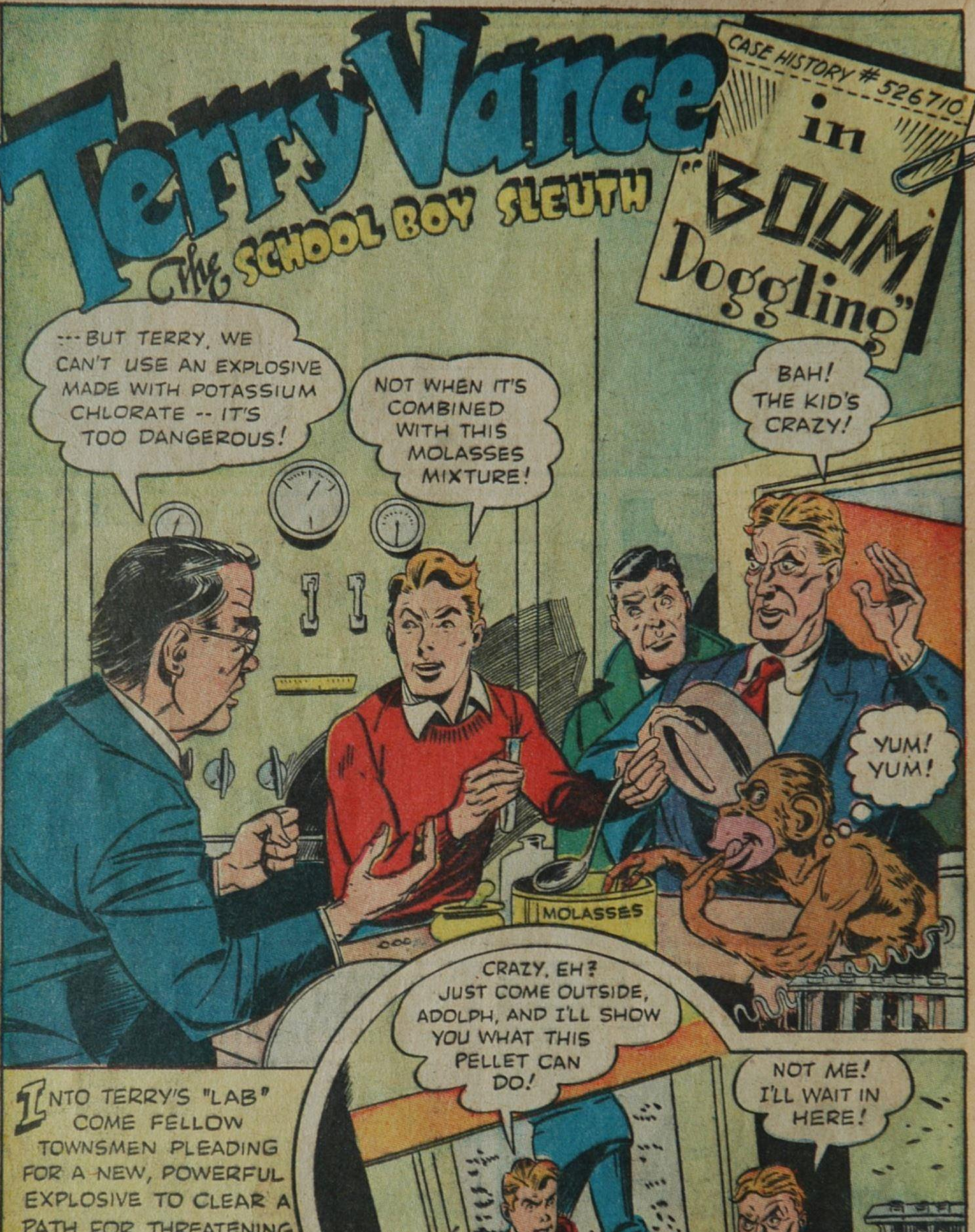
BUT—SUB-MARINER HAS SWUM TO A NEIGHBORING STRIP OF WILDERNESS.
I HOPE MABU'S RIGHT ABOUT THE THICK HIDES OF THOSE ELEPHANTS!
SOON...
NOYA! NOYA!
MABU HEARS THE SIGNAL!
NOYA! COME BROTHERS! WE GO FIGHT LITTLE BROWN LIARS!
NOYA!
SUB-MARINER IS PICKED UP AND SET ON AN ELEPHANT'S BACK!
THANKS FOR THE RIDE, OLD IVORY TUSK!
NOYA! COME! WE GO TO CLEARING!
THE THUNDERING HERD IS LED TOWARDS THE JAP TANKS AND TROOPS.
THERE THEY ARE! KILL THE SLINKING SEA BASS!
NOYA! NOYA!
THEY'RE ATTACKING US!
FIRE!
THERE'S THE SPY!
IN THE MOST AMAZING BATTLE IN HISTORY, THE ELEPHANT BOYS, SPURRED ON BY HEROIC SUB-MARINER, SOON CARRY THE TIDE OF BATTLE!
THERE'S ONE JAP ADMIRAL FLATTER THAN A FLOUNDER! CHARGE 'EM, BOYS!
NOYA! WE KILL 'EM GOOD!
WHEE!
YI-YI-YI!
OOOOO

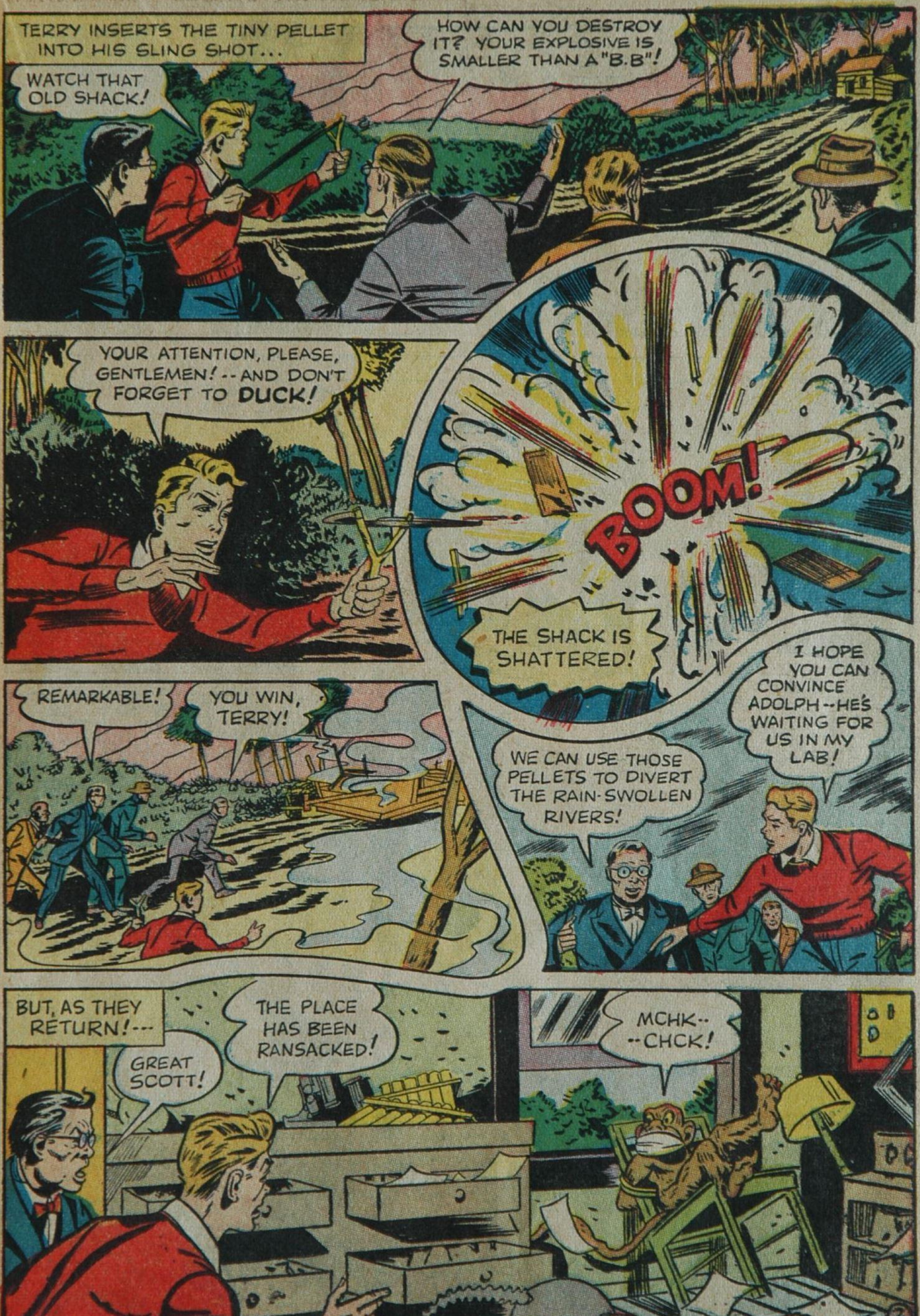

THE DEAFENING NOISE OF BATTLE ATTRACTS THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND IN COMMAND!
ELEPHANTS! OUR LANDING FORCE IS BEING WIPED OUT!
WE CANNOT HELP THEM. WE HAVE NO LANDING BOATS, SIR!
WHAT??
WHAM!
BANG!
ORDER ALL SHIPS TO GET UP STEAM! WE MUST ESCAPE BEFORE ANY UNITED NATIONS SHIPS HEAR THE NOISE, TOO!

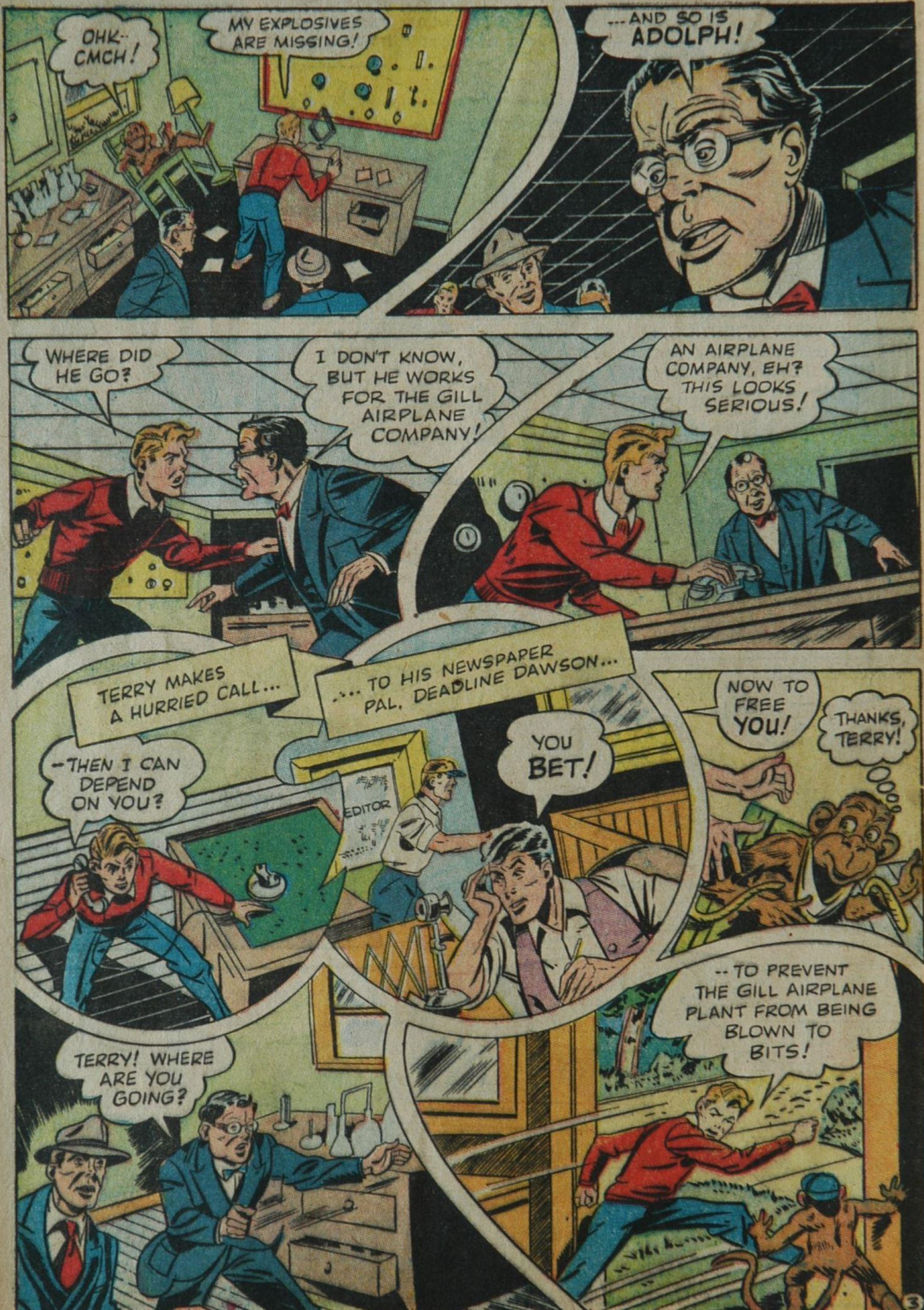

SORRY, SIR! WE CAN'T MOVE! THE SPY BROKE ALL OUR PROPELLERS.
YI-YI-YI-YI!
CRACK!
HALF AN HOUR LATER··· A SPEEDING FIGURE CLIMBS ABOARD A BRITISH BATTLESHIP!—AND EXPLAINS ALL!
OUR LISTENING DEVICES PICKED UP THE SOUND OF A BATTLE.
RIGHT! ONLY THE JAPS HAVE NO PROPELLERS-- SO YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!
SO THE JAP FLEET'S NEAR HERE!

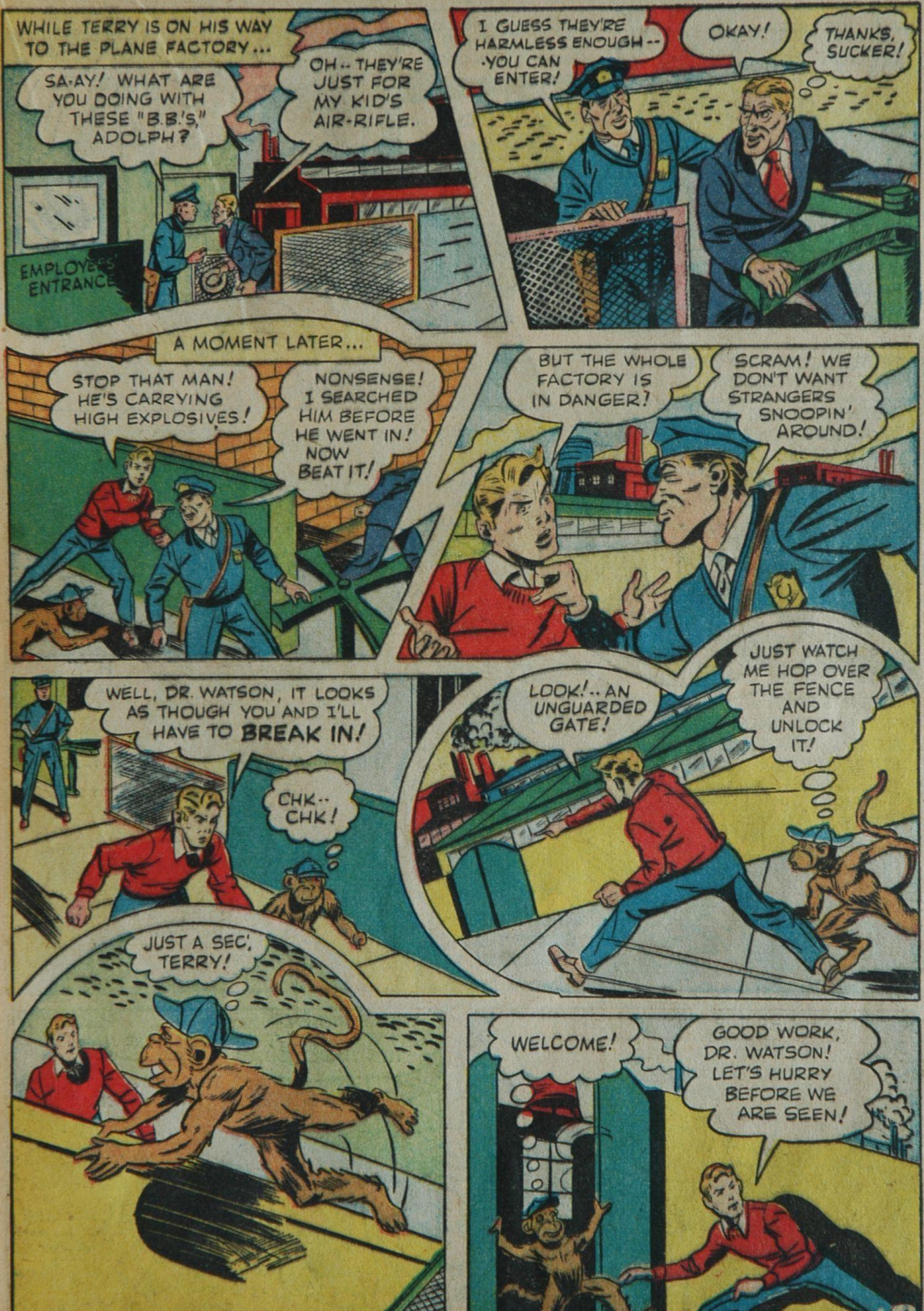

GIVE MY REGARDS TO MABU AND THE ELEPHANTS WHEN YOU GET THERE!—THE JAPS WILL NEVER TAKE INDIA WHILE THERE ARE BOYS LIKE HIM! S' LONG!!!
BLIMEY! WHAT MARVELOUS ALLIES THESE AMERICANS ARE!
12

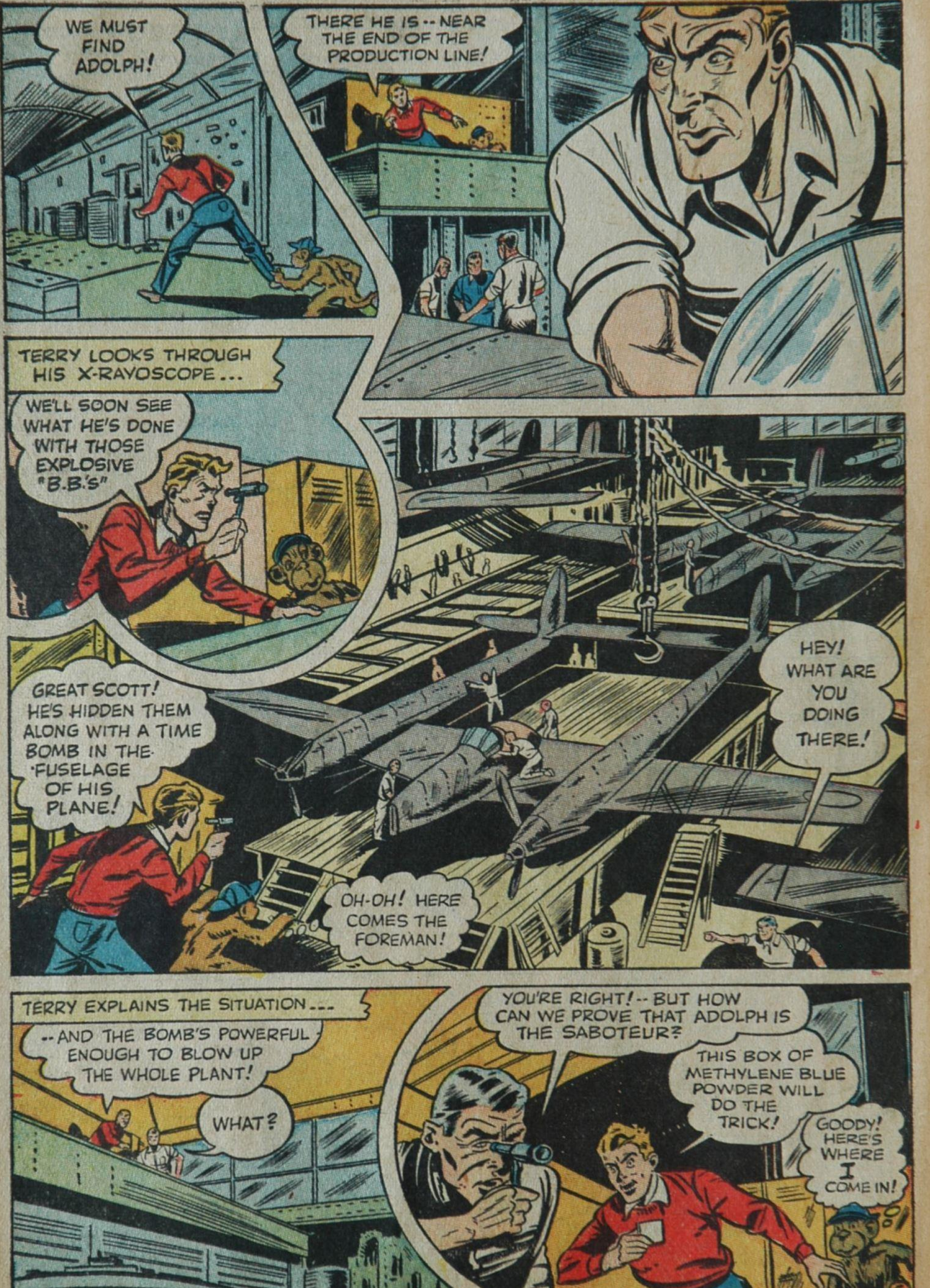
MARVELOUS!
--THAT'S THE WORD!
A GOOD DESCRIPTION FOR
MARVEL COMIC'S GREAT
SUB-MARINER
IN EVERY BIG ISSUE!


Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
CASE HISTORY #526710
in "BOOM Doggling"
--- BUT TERRY, WE CAN'T USE AN EXPLOSIVE MADE WITH POTASSIUM CHLORATE -- IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
NOT WHEN IT'S COMBINED WITH THIS MOLASSES MIXTURE!
BAH! THE KID'S CRAZY!
YUM! YUM!
MOLASSES
INTO TERRY'S "LAB" COME FELLOW TOWNSMEN PLEADING FOR A NEW, POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE TO CLEAR A PATH FOR THREATENING FLOOD WATERS!
BY BOB OKSNER
CRAZY, EH? JUST COME OUTSIDE, ADOLPH, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THIS PELLET CAN DO!
NOT ME! I'LL WAIT IN HERE!


TERRY INSERTS THE TINY PELLET INTO HIS SLING SHOT...
HOW CAN YOU DESTROY IT? YOUR EXPLOSIVE IS SMALLER THAN A "B.B"!
WATCH THAT OLD SHACK!
YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! --AND DON'T FORGET TO DUCK!
BOOM!
THE SHACK IS SHATTERED!
REMARKABLE!
YOU WIN, TERRY!
I HOPE YOU CAN CONVINCE ADOLPH--HE'S WAITING FOR US IN MY LAB!
WE CAN USE THOSE PELLETS TO DIVERT THE RAIN-SWOLLEN RIVERS!
BUT, AS THEY RETURN!---
THE PLACE HAS BEEN RANSACKED!
GREAT SCOTT!
MCHK-- --CHCK!
2


OHK-- CMCH!
MY EXPLOSIVES ARE MISSING!
--- AND SO IS ADOLPH!
WHERE DID HE GO?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE WORKS FOR THE GILL AIRPLANE COMPANY!
AN AIRPLANE COMPANY, EH? THIS LOOKS SERIOUS!
TERRY MAKES A HURRIED CALL...
... TO HIS NEWSPAPER PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON...
--THEN I CAN DEPEND ON YOU?
EDITOR
YOU BET!
NOW TO FREE YOU!
THANKS, TERRY!
TERRY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
-- TO PREVENT THE GILL AIRPLANE PLANT FROM BEING BLOWN TO BITS!
3


WHILE TERRY IS ON HIS WAY TO THE PLANE FACTORY...
SA-AY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THESE "B.B.'s," ADOLPH?
OH -- THEY'RE JUST FOR MY KID'S AIR-RIFLE.
EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE
I GUESS THEY'RE HARMLESS ENOUGH -- -YOU CAN ENTER!
OKAY!
THANKS, SUCKER!
A MOMENT LATER...
STOP THAT MAN! HE'S CARRYING HIGH EXPLOSIVES!
NONSENSE! I SEARCHED HIM BEFORE HE WENT IN! NOW BEAT IT!
BUT THE WHOLE FACTORY IS IN DANGER!
SCRAM! WE DON'T WANT STRANGERS SNOOPIN' AROUND!
WELL, DR. WATSON, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU AND I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN!
CHK-- CHK!
LOOK! .. AN UNGUARDED GATE!
JUST WATCH ME HOP OVER THE FENCE AND UNLOCK IT!
JUST A SEC', TERRY!
WELCOME!
GOOD WORK, DR. WATSON! LET'S HURRY BEFORE WE ARE SEEN!
4


WE MUST FIND ADOLPH!
THERE HE IS -- NEAR THE END OF THE PRODUCTION LINE!
TERRY LOOKS THROUGH HIS X-RAYOSCOPE...
WE'LL SOON SEE WHAT HE'S DONE WITH THOSE EXPLOSIVE "B.B.'S"
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S HIDDEN THEM ALONG WITH A TIME BOMB IN THE FUSELAGE OF HIS PLANE!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE!
OH-OH! HERE COMES THE FOREMAN!
TERRY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION...
-- AND THE BOMB'S POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE PLANT!
WHAT?
YOU'RE RIGHT! -- BUT HOW CAN WE PROVE THAT ADOLPH IS THE SABOTEUR?
THIS BOX OF METHYLENE BLUE POWDER WILL DO THE TRICK!
GOODY! HERE'S WHERE I COME IN!

TAKE THIS POWDER, DR. WATSON -- AND --- BZZZ-ZZZ ---
I'LL BE--!
OKAY! I'M ON MY WAY!
UNOBSERVED, DR. WATSON SCAMPERS DOWN THE PRODUCTION LINE ...
THE BOMB IS HIDDEN NEAR THE TAIL OF THIS PLANE! --- THERE IT IS!
FIRST -- I SPRINKLE THIS METHYLENE BLUE POWDER ALL OVER IT!
NOW TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF DOPEY ADOLF!
BR-RZZZZZZZZ!
WHAT THE--?
SCAT! THAT MONK BELONGS TO TERRY VANCE! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!
MISSED!
SURE ENOUGH! THE BOMB'S COVERED WITH DUST!
I HOPE THE MONK DIDN'T --- HEY! PUT THAT OIL CAN DOWN!
YIPPEE! THIS IS FUN!
OWW!

WILL HE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE GETS INSIDE THAT ROOM!
I'VE GOT TO WASH THIS OIL OFF BEFORE THE FOREMAN GETS SUSPICIOUS!
WASH ROOM
AT LAST I'M SAFE FROM THAT CRAZY MONK!
SLAM
BUT, AS ADOLPH WASHES HIMSELF...
MY HANDS! THEY'RE TURNING BLUE!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
TERRY LEAPS!...
LET ME OUT OF HERE! I WANT A DOCTOR!
NOT UNTIL YOU CONFESS THAT YOU STOLE MY EXPLOSIVES TO BLOW UP THIS FACTORY!
HOLD HIM, TERRY!
I'LL TALK! -- I'VE BEEN PAID TO SABOTAGE YOUR AIRPLANES --- THAT BOMB WAS TO EXPLODE TONIGHT! NOW TO GET ME A DOCTOR!
YOU DON'T NEED A DOCTOR!
BUT -- MY BLUE HANDS!
THEY'RE JUST THE RESULT OF THE METHYLENE POWDER DR. WATSON PLACED ON THE BOMB, PLUS THE WATER YOU JUST USED!
WHEN YOU TOUCHED THAT BOMB YOU CONVICTED YOURSELF!
JUST THEN ...
DEADLINE!
GEE! AM I LATE?
A LITTLE, BUT NOT TOO LATE FOR A GOOD NEWS STORY!
I SEE! -- TERRY VANCE DOES IT AGAIN!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
"TERRY DID IT AGAIN". IS RIGHT! HE'LL BE BACK NEXT MONTH TO RUN UNCLE SAM'S ENEMIES DOWN AGAIN! DON'T MISS IT!

WOE IS ME!

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

JOUNCING ALONG like a bean on a balloon, the jeep took the bumpy dirt road in stride. Sitting next to the driver, hanging on to the seat with one hand and his base horn with the other, Jimmy Hoople breathed big gasps of air between bumps. "Hey, for Pete's sake, will you take it easy!"

"Whassa matter?" the driver hollered back, "Can't ya take it?"

"Yeah, I can, but Lulu here can't. She's getting knocked fulla bumps and I gotta play at the General's concert tonight! Slow down!"

"Bah!" said the driver, and just to show how what a corporal thought of a twirp that played in the band, pushed down a little harder on the gas. Poor Lulu, her brass sides looked like they were through combat manoeuvers. Every three seconds there would be a loud "bong" as she hit the dashboard to an accompanying groan by Private Hoople.

At eight P.M. that night the General himself was visiting the camp, and in his honor the band was putting on a gala concert. But the members of the brass section were the last ones notified. They were out digging holes for communication lines all day and had to be rounded up like steers. Jimmy Hoople thought he'd be glad to have a rest from his shovel, but now he wasn't so sure. And to make matters worse he had dragged Lulu along to toot a few notes between holes and now look at her. The horn was a sorry looking thing, covered with dust and dents. It was bad enough when the fellows ribbed him about it looking like a sound detecting device . . . but now it resembled a battered garbage pail!

Darkness was beginning to close in swiftly, and the sky darkened with nasty black clouds. Horse Williams, the driver, gave them an anxious glance and sent the jeep shooting ahead. What a time to get caught in a thunderstorm! Jimmy said nothing and held on. The General expected a concert and he'd get one!

FIFTEEN MILES to go! The jeep skidded around a turn, then forged ahead. They approached an intersection that cut into the road they were on and Jimmy pointed a shaking finger toward it. "Car cutting in." Horse nodded and stepped on it a bit. The driver of the other car tried to do the same thing, and what happened would make a junk yard owner shout for joy. Both hit the same spot at the same time with the noise of ten tanks hitting a stone wall!

Jimmy and Horse saw it coming and gave one mighty leap that carried them into the dirt, Jimmy clutching Lulu for all he was worth! The jeep and the other car hit with a crash and both cars tumbled over into the dust. With his head sticking through the base horn, Jimmy and Horse took one look at the staff flags on the other car's crumpled fenders and almost passed out.

A very battered, mustached gentleman crawled out, his hat over one eye. The seat of his pants flew like a flag on a pole, while his tunic hung in shreds. But still intact on his shoulders were the four gold stars. "Oh, my gorsh!" Horse wailed, "The General! We've wrecked 'im!"

"YOU!" bellowed the General. "I'll skin you alive for this! Where do you think you were going! I'll have your heads nailed to a pole! You'll do KP for a month of Sundays! I'll . . . I'll . . . *Poosh!*" He blew dirt and grass out of his mustache and tried to cover his exposed dignity with his hat. Man . . . was he *mad!*

Then it started to rain. For five weeks the sun had shone, and the moon was bright, *now* it had to rain. If ever two soldiers got themselves in a mess, this was it. "Get up, you ninnys! Get me a canvas, I'm getting wet!" Horse and Jimmy jumped up and ran to the wrecked touring car out of which was crawling a very mean looking Sergeant with an evil glint in his eye. Jimmy dropped Lulu and he and Horse grabbed the top of the car and pulled. It would have been all right if they had unhooked the canvas top *first*, but no . . . it peeled off like a banana skin.

The General said some of the things the top Sergeant does when the boys forgot which was their left flank and marched the wrong way. He picked up an axle and advanced on them threateningly. "Get me out of this . . . OR I'LL WRING YOUR NECKS!"

By now the Sergeant was on his feet ready to sock somebody. The rain poured down harder than ever, making slop out of the dirt road, and huge puddles of the fields. To one side of the road the little half-dried up stream that barely trickled along a half hour ago was roaring past, taking out big chunks of the bank. Now it was overflowing onto the road.

"G-General," says Horse, "we'd better get outa here. The river's coming up and we gotta cross it further on."

"Really?" mutters the General. Then he screams out, "Naturally we have to! Fifteen miles to the camp where I'm supposed to listen to a concert. No car, raining cats and dogs, the river's coming up . . . oh, you beetlebrains!" He wrapped the hunks of canvas about his exposed parts and the four started down the road. Jimmy clutched Lulu, patting her like a kitten, giving Horse dirty looks for all this trouble.

He hadn't taken more than a few steps when he got the bright idea of pepping up the morale with a few toots of the horn. He put Lulu to his lips and blew . . . and a miniature Niagara spouted out of the bell and splashed down the General's neck. Wow! The General grabbed Jimmy by the neck with one hand then rammed Lulu over Jimmy's head. "Why you . . . ! Is there anything that you *can* do right! Not bad enough to have it rain . . . now you pour water down my neck! Just *wait* until we get to camp!"

"Can I shoot 'em, huh?" The Sergeant said quickly, *"Please?"*

"We'll see. I was reserving that pleasure for myself!" Horse and Jimmy started to shake like leaves in a hurricane. After Jimmy Hoople wrenched the horn off his head he got a little sore. After all, they couldn't help it because their car ran into the General's. And they didn't bring on the rain. Fooey on the General, let him be sore. They came to the banks of the river where it crossed the road, took one look and gasped.

A raging torrent crossed their path, carrying with it trees and chicken coops from which hens cackled gaily. Those hens must have been half duck. The General tapped the Sergeant. "Maybe *you* can think up a way out of this . . . you used to be with the engineers." But the Sergeant just shook his head. Hoople had the brilliant flash of an idea then.

"General, this river goes right past the camp. Why don't we float down? We could snare a couple of hencoops or something and make a raft!" Horse sneered, the Sergeant sneered, but the General looked glum.

"I don't care what we do. I just don't want to stay here all night. Do something, do ANYTHING!" So the three got busy dragging out a lot of hunks of wood and tying them into a semblance of a raft. Chickens fluttered all over the place, squawking at being thrown from their perches. Finally they had a crude gadget assembled, and they got on. Jimmy held Lulu carefully, overlooking the nasty glances of the others. That horn could get a guy into more trouble . . .

BAM! The raft hit the bank. SLOSH! Water splashed all over everybody. WHAM! It hit a chickencoop and the fowls flew all over the place. One landed in the General's lap and pecked at his nose. "Ow! Get those things *out* of here!" The men leaped to obey, but only succeeded in getting pecked themselves, so they had to share their raft with a pack of supper bait.

"There's the camp!" Jimmy pointed Lulu toward the lights ahead. The place rushed toward them. At the speed they were going they'd never stop anywhere near it. Horse was worried. "Whatta we gonna do?"

"I got it!" Jimmy answered. Lulu came up to his mouth again . . . only this time the General ducked back. Jimmy gave out. A deep "BOOMPH BAHAA" warbled out of Lulu's throat. Again and again he tooted the horn until he thought that his lungs would come out, too.

"This is terrible," wailed the General, "they can't hear us!" Jimmy tooted some more. Suddenly out of nowhere an alert sentry appeared on the banks.

"Halt! Who goes there! Stop, or I'll shoot!"

"What do you mean, stop? We can't stop!" Yelled back the General. "Get me off here or I'll have your neck!" But the sentry must have thought the Japs had landed. BANG! BANG! BANG! Bullets skipped off the water. *"You* did this to me!" shouted the General, from flat on his stomach. The men groaned. Suddenly the raft went CRRASH! Splinters flew . . . so did the General. Chickens filled the air. The sentry ran down and put them all under guard. Fortunately, the General still had the stars on his shoulders, and when the sentry saw that after shooting at him . . .

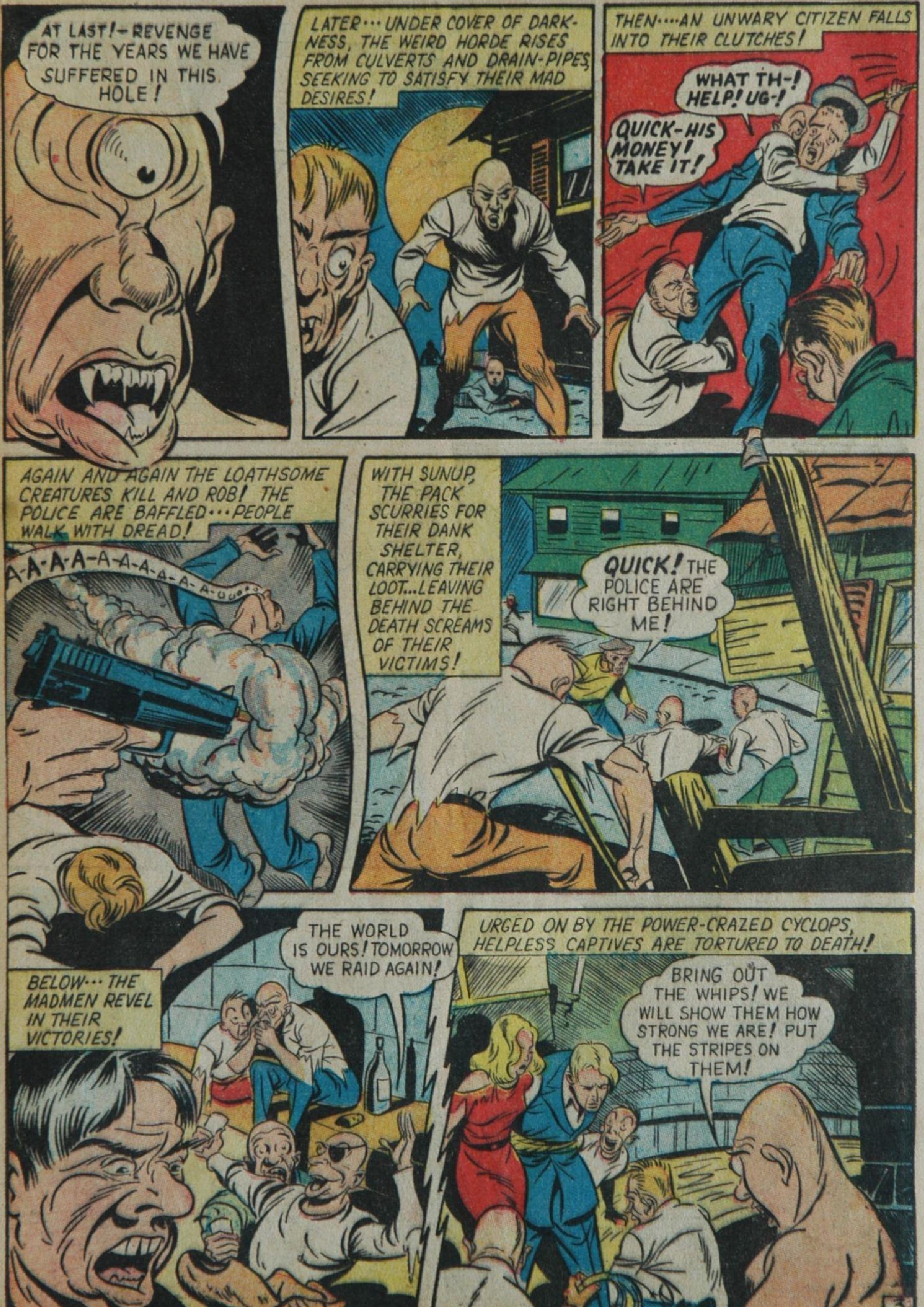
MEN CAME UP. All Horse and Jimmy could do was splutter. The General was hustled off to change his clothes, while the rest went ahead to the recreation hall. Jimmy held tightly to Lulu and ran inside out of the rain. Soon the men and officers gathered and a refreshed General took his seat in the front row, glaring at the soggy Jimmy Hoople on the platform. Jimmy was thinking fast. Perhaps, if he put on a good show, the General wouldn't be so mad any more.

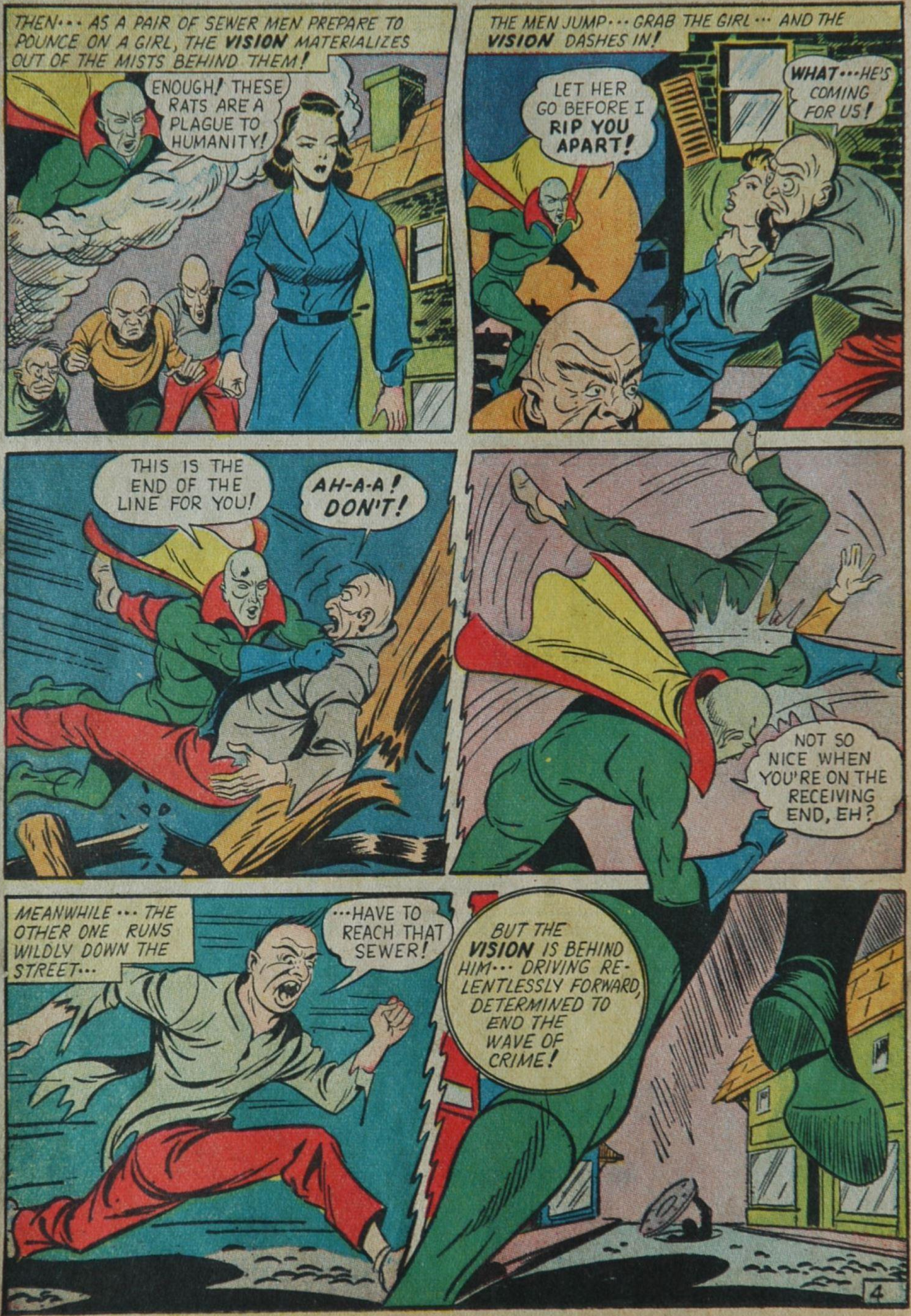
Jimmy stepped forward to the edge of the platform for his solo. So far things were going fine . . . the General was smiling. The music started . . . this was his first number . . . he'd better be good. Lulu's mouthpiece went to his lips. He blew. He blew harder. Nothing came out. Then he blew as hard as he could . . . and an egg plopped out . . . flew through the air . . . and landed square on the General's head . . . ! Oh, *woe!*

THE END

The VISION
THE WORLD BENEATH A WORLD!
WITHIN THE SLIME-COVERED WALLS OF THE CATACOMBS UNDER A CITY, A PLAGUE OF TWISTED-MINDED CREATURES ARISES TO VISIT DEATH BY NIGHT ON A PEACEFUL EARTH!

BENEATH THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK RUNS A MAZE OF ANCIENT STONE TUNNELS··· THE SEWERAGE SYSTEM··· AND IT IS INHABITED! YEARS AGO THE CRIMINALS HID THERE... AND FOR GENERATIONS, THEIR HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED OFF-SPRING HAVE DWELT IN THE DIMLY-LIT CAVERNS··· PRESIDED OVER BY THE MAD SEWER CYCLOPS!
MANHOLE COVER
LADDER
TUNNEL
EARTH
EARTH
SEWER
EARTH
NEW YORK CITY··· A VICIOUS CRIME IS COMMITTED.··· THE MALFORMED MARAUDER, FLEEING FROM THE ENRAGED CITIZENS, JUMPS INTO A SEWER MANHOLE!
HA! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME NOW! NO ONE WILL DARE FOLLOW ME INTO THE SEWER!
HE KILLED A MAN! GRAB HIM!
HE WENT DOWN THERE! WHAT SHALL WE DO!
I DON'T KNOW. I WOULDN'T GO DOWN THERE!
WHILE UNDERNEATH··· GROTESQUE CREATURES FIGHT MADLY FOR FOOD REMNANTS THAT DRIFT BY IN THE STREAM OF RUBBISH!
I WANT IT!
IT'S MINE! I SAW IT FIRST!
THE WICKED DEN OF CORRUPTION BREEDS ALL SORTS OF EVIL! CHILDREN RAID THE WORLD ABOVE··· AND STEAL TO LIVE!
GET DOWN THERE- HERE COME THE MEN!
HA!- SO YOU CAN RUN OFF WITH IT? NOTHIN' DOING!
HURRY! HAND ME THE BREAD!
··· BUT A MASTER CAME TO THE FORE··· A HORRIBLE, MAD, ONE-EYED CYCLOPS, WITH A HUGE, TWISTED BODY!
WE WILL UNITE AND PREY ON THE DEVILS ABOVE WHO HATE US! POWER WILL BE OURS!


AT LAST! - REVENGE FOR THE YEARS WE HAVE SUFFERED IN THIS HOLE!
LATER... UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE WEIRD HORDE RISES FROM CULVERTS AND DRAIN-PIPES, SEEKING TO SATISFY THEIR MAD DESIRES!
THEN....AN UNWARY CITIZEN FALLS INTO THEIR CLUTCHES!
WHAT TH-! HELP! UG-!
QUICK-HIS MONEY! TAKE IT!
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE LOATHSOME CREATURES KILL AND ROB! THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED... PEOPLE WALK WITH DREAD!
A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-uuu
WITH SUNUP, THE PACK SCURRIES FOR THEIR DANK SHELTER, CARRYING THEIR LOOT... LEAVING BEHIND THE DEATH SCREAMS OF THEIR VICTIMS!
QUICK! THE POLICE ARE RIGHT BEHIND ME!
BELOW... THE MADMEN REVEL IN THEIR VICTORIES!
THE WORLD IS OURS! TOMORROW WE RAID AGAIN!
URGED ON BY THE POWER-CRAZED CYCLOPS, HELPLESS CAPTIVES ARE TORTURED TO DEATH!
BRING OUT THE WHIPS! WE WILL SHOW THEM HOW STRONG WE ARE! PUT THE STRIPES ON THEM!


THEN··· AS A PAIR OF SEWER MEN PREPARE TO POUNCE ON A GIRL, THE **VISION** MATERIALIZES OUT OF THE MISTS BEHIND THEM!
ENOUGH! THESE RATS ARE A PLAGUE TO HUMANITY!
THE MEN JUMP··· GRAB THE GIRL··· AND THE **VISION** DASHES IN!
LET HER GO BEFORE I **RIP YOU APART!**
WHAT··· HE'S COMING FOR US!
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU!
AH-A-A! DON'T!
NOT SO NICE WHEN YOU'RE ON THE RECEIVING END, EH?
MEANWHILE··· THE OTHER ONE RUNS WILDLY DOWN THE STREET···
···HAVE TO REACH THAT SEWER!
BUT THE **VISION** IS BEHIND HIM··· DRIVING RELENTLESSLY FORWARD, DETERMINED TO END THE WAVE OF CRIME!

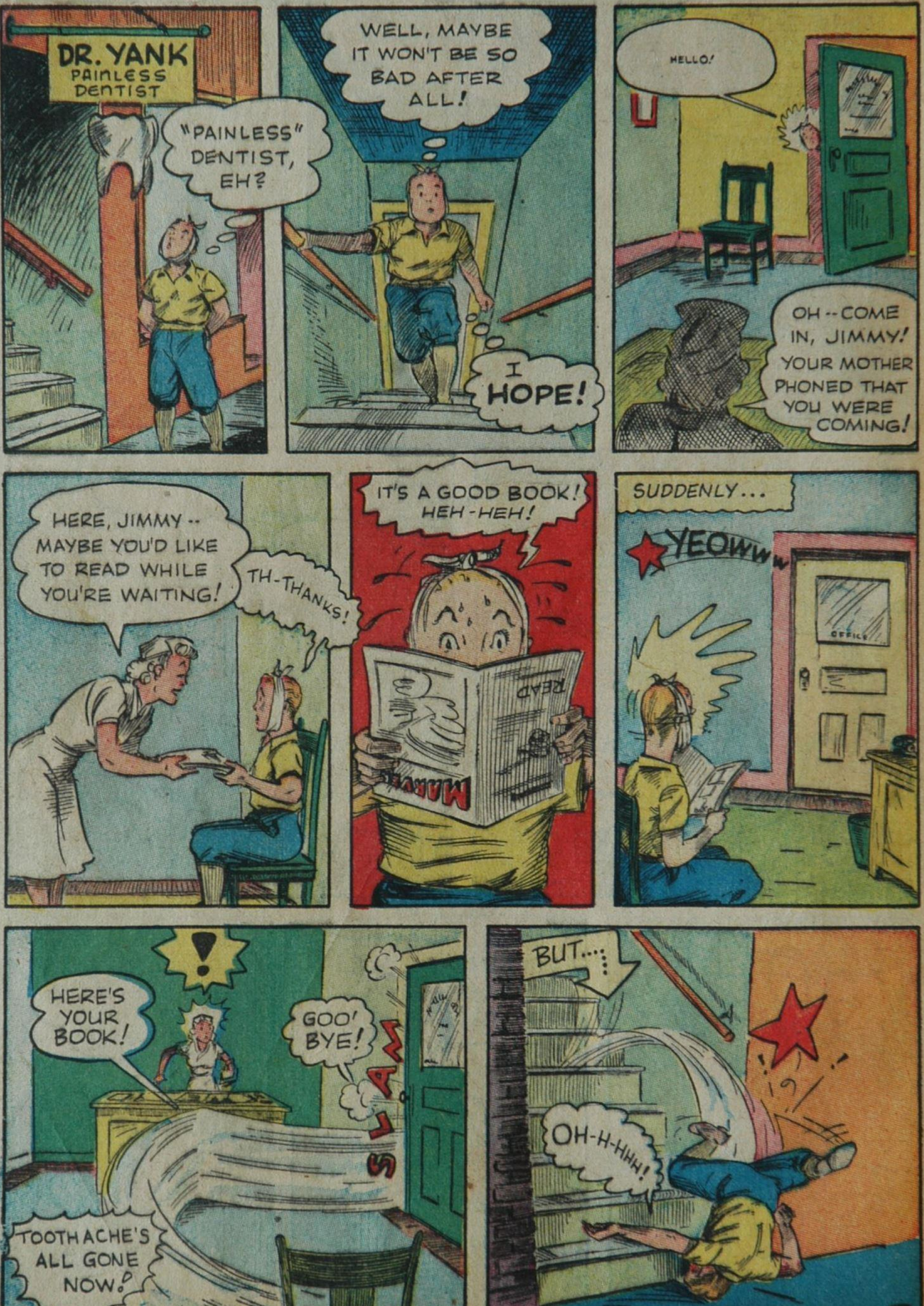
INTO THE BOWELS OF THE SEWER GOES THE **VISION!**
THERE'S SOME OF THEM··· AND THEY'RE CELEBRATING OVER THEIR LATEST CRIMES!
AS HE LOOKS AROUND···
WHAT'S THIS! THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS!
THEN··· TWISTED BODIES HURTLE FROM THE SHADOWS! BUT THE **VISION** IS NOT TAKEN ENTIRELY UNAWARES!
TRYING A SNEAK PUNCH, HEY? NOT YET, **RATS!**
YOU FILTHY PIGS ARE THICKER THAN GERMS!
BUT··· A VICIOUS BLOW OF A CUDGEL SLAMS INTO THE **VISION'S** HEAD!
YOU GOT HIM! NICE WORK! TAKE HIM TO THE CHAMBER!
YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE **HERE** ALIVE!
THE **VISION'S** LIMP BODY IS CARRIED UNDER A BARRED ARCH, INTO THE CHAMBER OF HORROR!
OUR MASTER, THE CYCLOPS, WILL ENJOY PUTTING HIM TO DEATH!
AH, GOOD! BRING IN A LIGHTED TORCH— THIS WILL BE A GREAT PLEASURE!

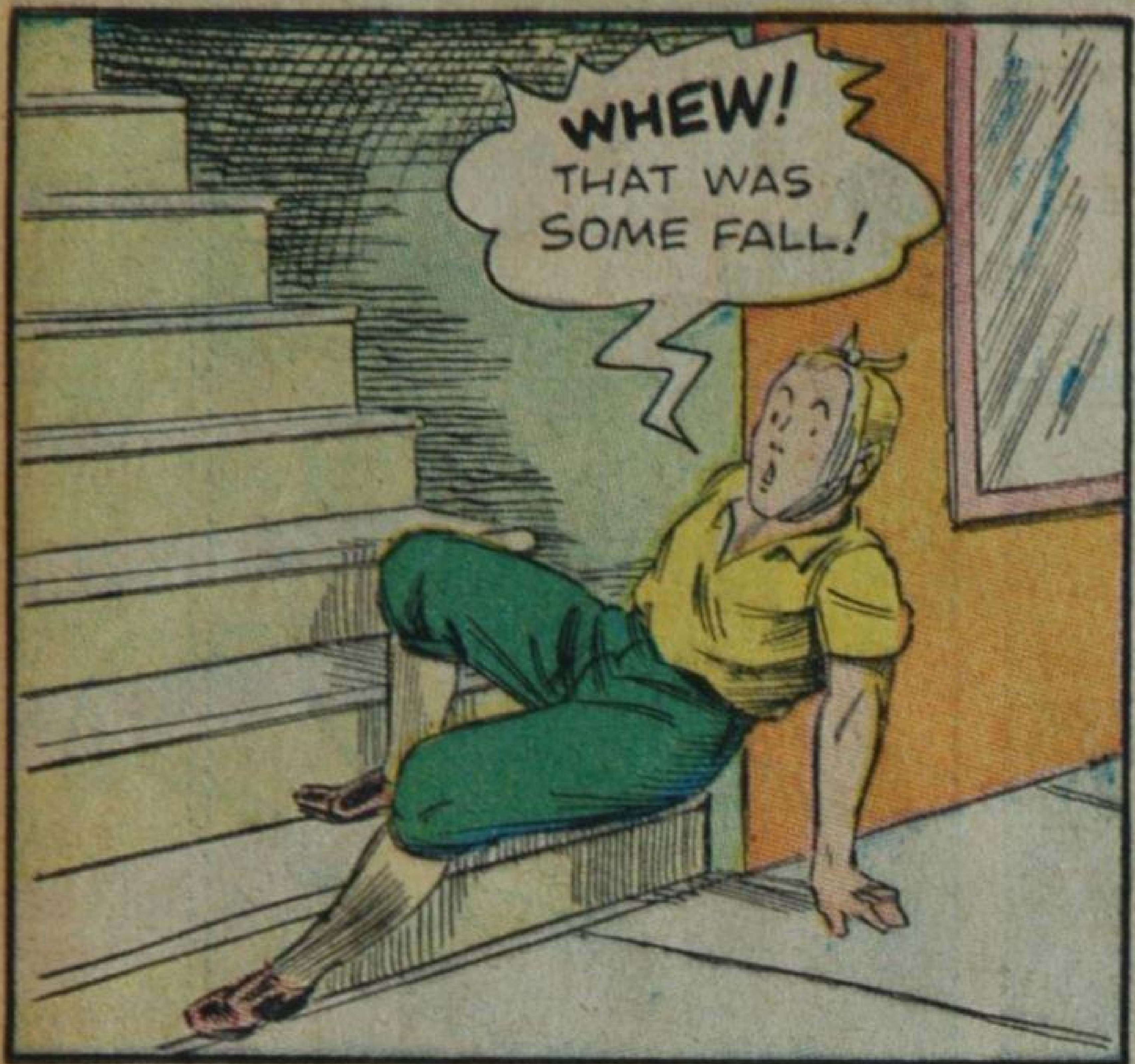
QUICKLY, THE FIREBRANDS ARE BROUGHT—THE CYCLOPS BRINGS ONE CLOSE TO THE VISION!... CLOSER.... CLOSER...
THERE'S STILL A WAY OUT OF THIS!
I SHALL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO COME HERE.
...THEN— THE VISION DISSOLVES INTO THE SMOKE!
HEY! WHERE DID HE GO TO? WHAT IS THIS!
...AND REAPPEARS BEHIND THE CYCLOPS!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS!
GOTCHA! NOW LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE!
YOU...! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
WITH A SURGE OF STRENGTH, THE VISION THROWS THE CYCLOPS OUT OF THE CHAMBER!
OUTSIDE, FIEND! I HAVE PLANS FOR THIS ASSEMBLAGE.
AGRRP!
THE VISION GRABS A LEVER· AND PULLS! THE BARS SLIDE DOWN—AND THE MOB IS TRAPPED!
STOP! STOP! THAT FLOODS THE PLACE! WE WILL ALL DIE!
THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!
HELP! LET US GO!
YOU'RE NEXT ON MY LIST, PUNK!
LET ME OUT! I DON'T WANT TO DROWN!
A RISING TIDE OF SEWER WATER CHANGES COURSE.... AND FLOWS INTO THE TUNNEL!
6

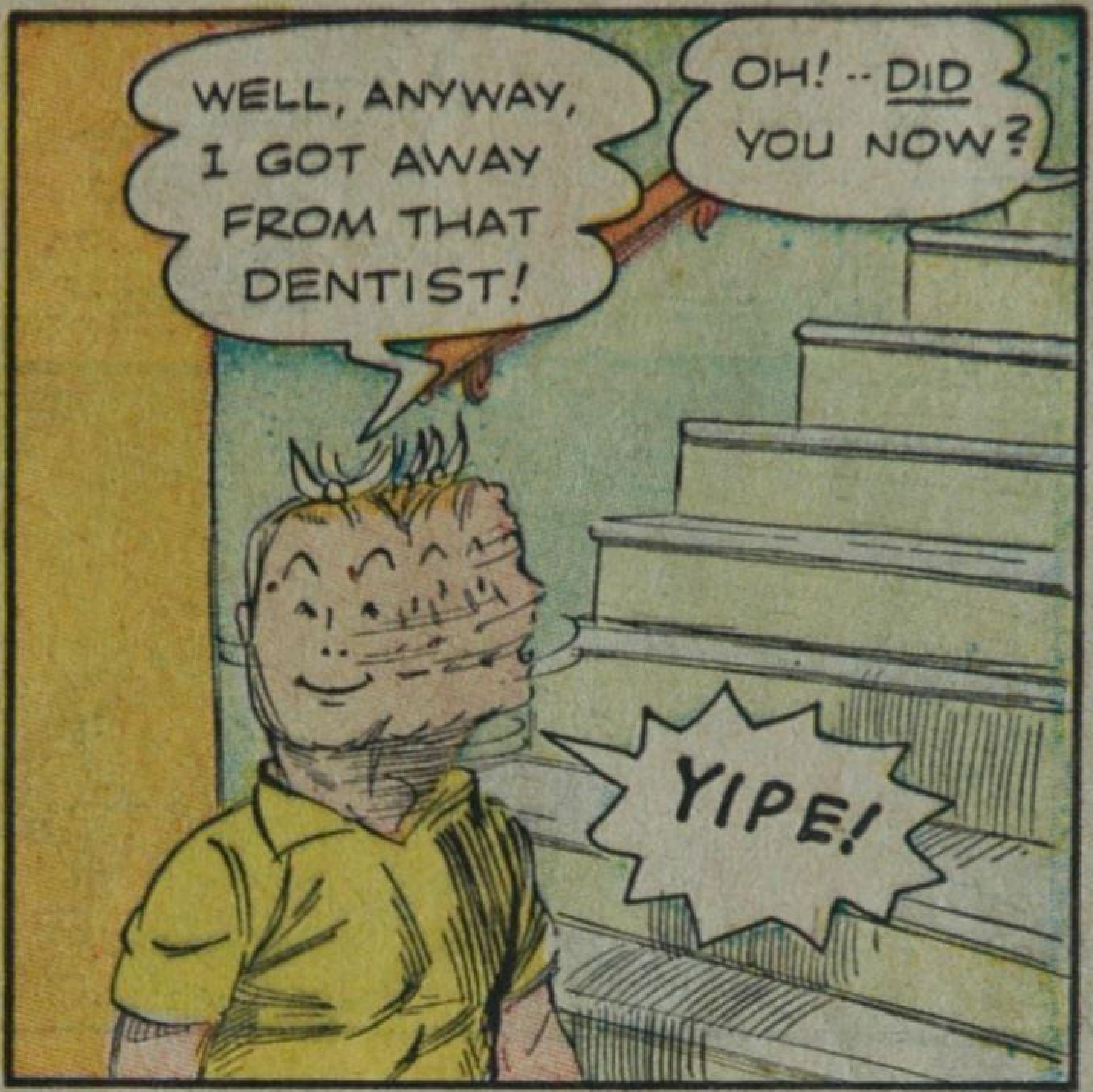
THE CYCLOPS TURNS··· TRIES TO RUN··· BUT THE VISION IS UPON HIM!
THIS MURDER MADNESS COMES TO AN END RIGHT HERE AND···
NO! NO! UGG! AAAA!
NOW! INTO THE WATER, SCUM!
AND SLOWLY THE GRUESOME CYCLOPS DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE SWIRLING WATERS! THE TIDE CREEPS HIGHER··· AND THE BARRED GATE IS COVERED COMPLETELY!
NONE OF THEM CAN ESCAPE NOW!··· I'LL GO UP THROUGH THIS MANHOLE!
EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE MYSTERY MURDERS!
WELL, THERE'LL BE NO MORE NEWS OF THAT SORT ANY LONGER!
SO LONG, FOLKS! WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE- I'LL BE AROUND!
NEXT MONTH··· THE VISION RETURNS AGAIN TO UNRAVEL A SPINE CHILLING MYSTERY!
IN
MARVEL ★ Comics

JIMMY JUPITER
in
The Case of the MISSING MOLAR!
OR... "The DENTIST'S DILEMMA"
HE'S NOT SO PAINLESS --AFTER ALL!
YOW!
DR. YANK PAINLESS DENTIST
YEEOWWWWWWOW!
OH! GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT?
JIMMY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OH-OW-OH!
OH-OWWw! I GOTTA TOOFFAKE!

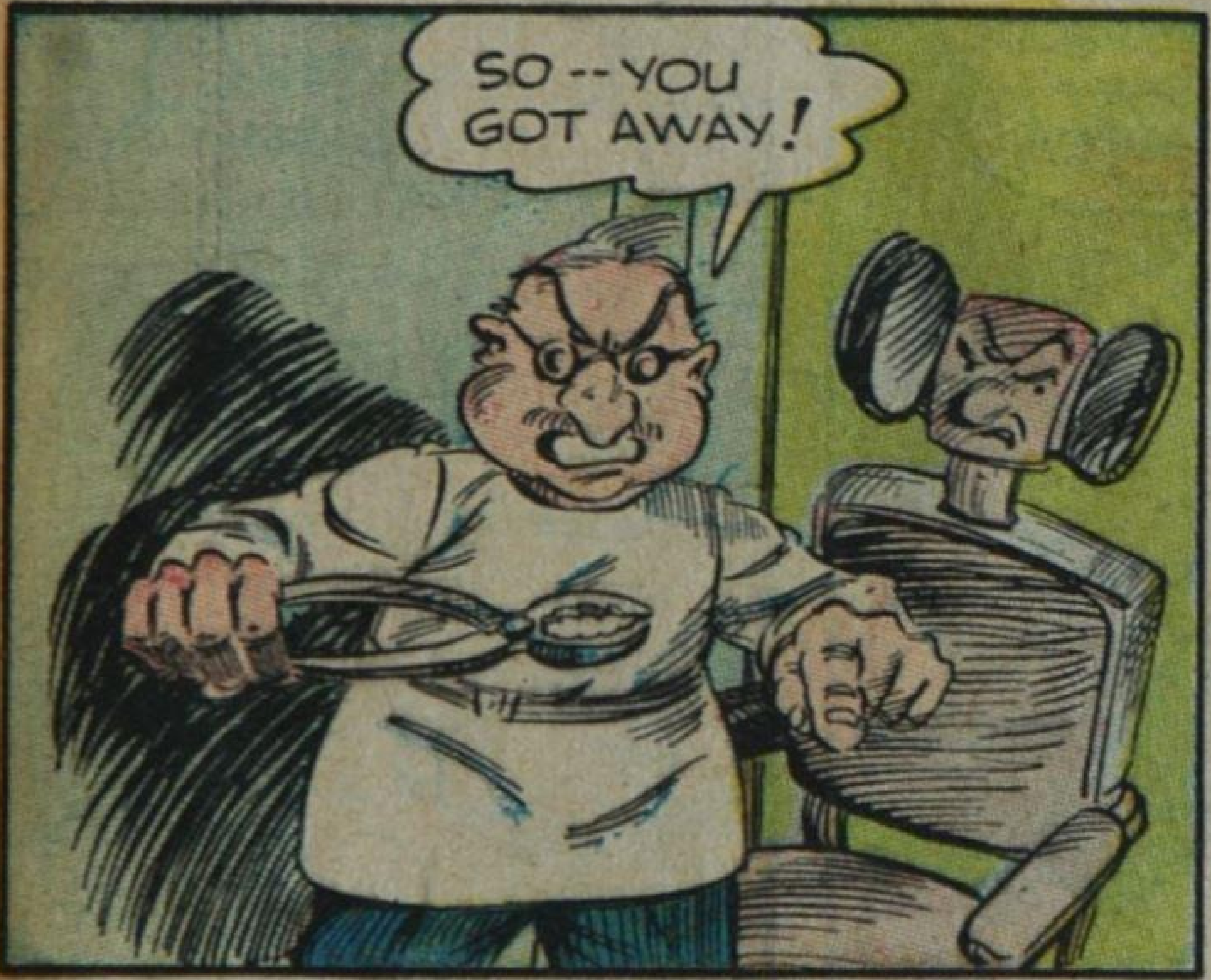
I'LL TIE THIS RAG AROUND YOUR JAW AND THEN YOU MUST GO DOWN TO SEE THE DENTIST!
?
THE DENTIST!
OH-NO! NO DENTIST! MY TOOTHACHE IS ALL GONE! ... SEE?
I WAS ONLY FOOLIN'-- ANYWAY! HEH-HEH!
JIMMY JUPITER! DON'T YOU EVER FRIGHTEN ME LIKE THAT AGAIN!
I'M SORRY, MOTHER...
NOW YOU BE GOOD!
YES, MOTHER!
OOOOOW!
SO YOU WERE ONLY FOOLING, EH? WELL, THIS TIME YOU GO RIGHT DOWN TO THE DENTIST!
ALL RIGHT, MOM...!
I GUESS I BETTER! ...OTHERWISE I MIGHT NEVER BE ABLE TO EAT CANDY AGAIN!
GEE, THAT WOULD BE HORRIBLE!

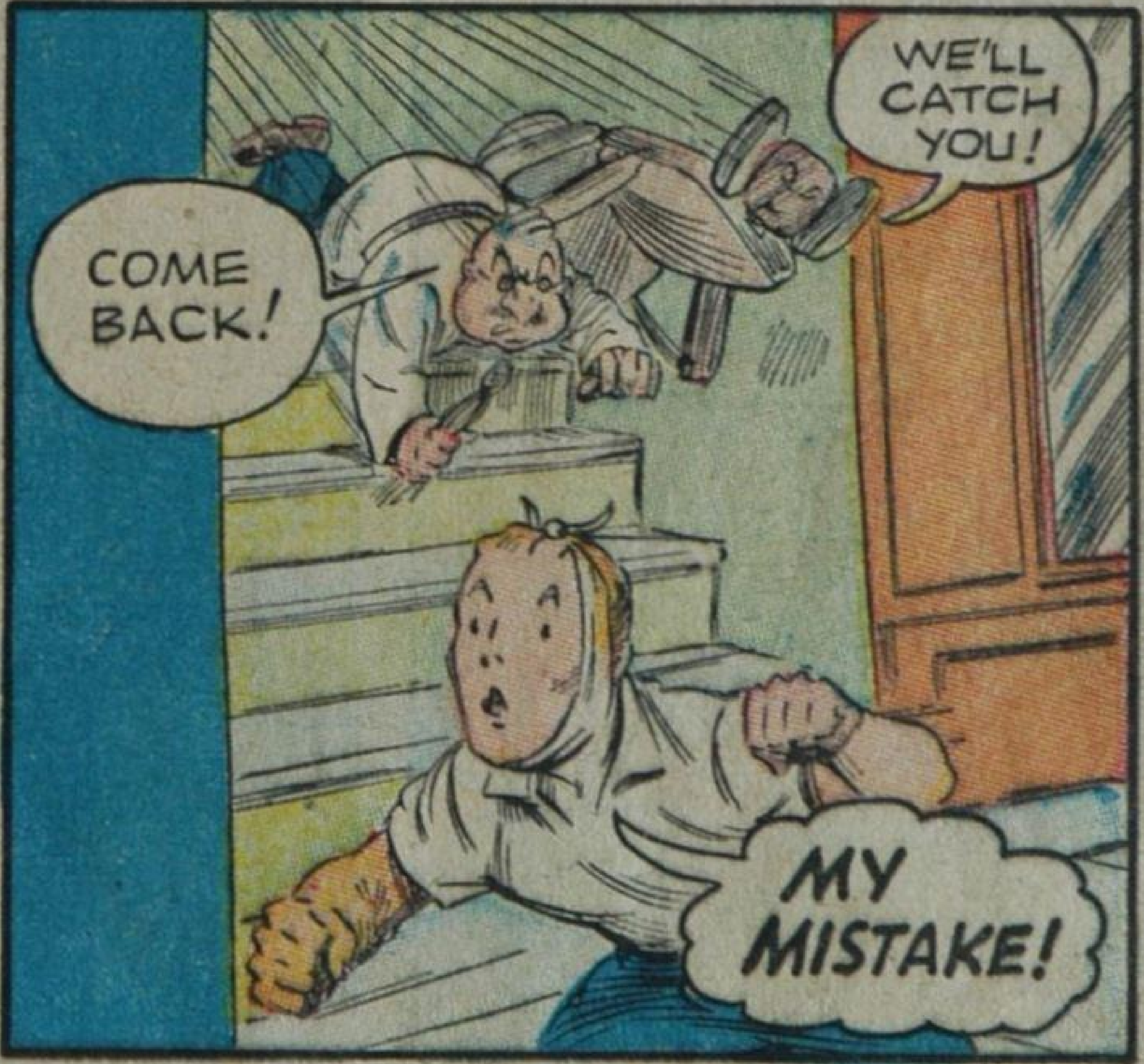

DR. YANK
PAINLESS DENTIST
"PAINLESS" DENTIST, EH?
WELL, MAYBE IT WON'T BE SO BAD AFTER ALL!
I HOPE!
HELLO!
OH -- COME IN, JIMMY! YOUR MOTHER PHONED THAT YOU WERE COMING!
HERE, JIMMY -- MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO READ WHILE YOU'RE WAITING!
TH-THANKS!
IT'S A GOOD BOOK! HEH-HEH!
MARVEL
READ
SUDDENLY...
YEOWWW
OFFICE
!
HERE'S YOUR BOOK!
GOO' BYE!
SLAM
TOOTHACHE'S ALL GONE NOW!
BUT....
OH-H-HHH!

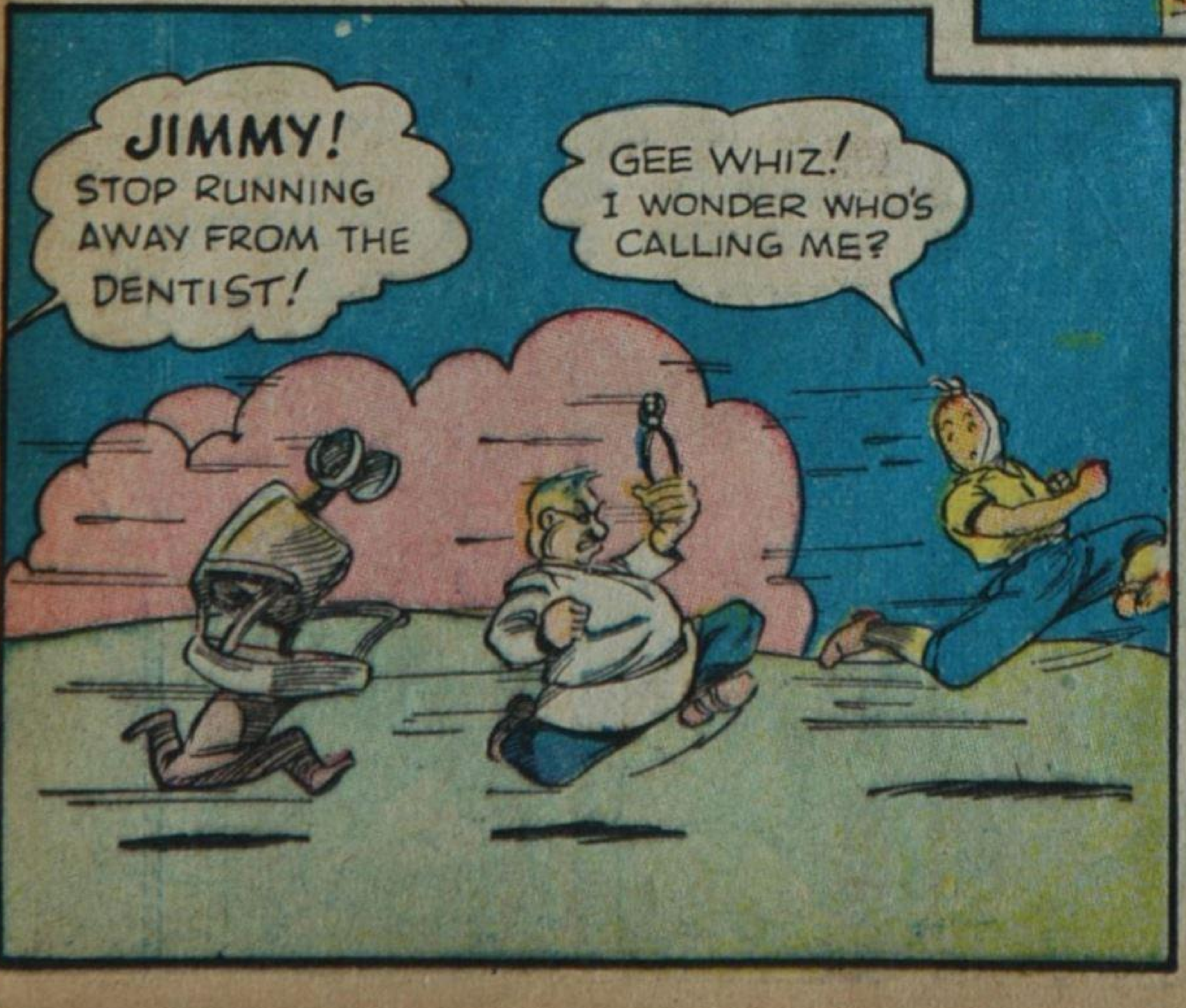

WHEW! THAT WAS SOME FALL!

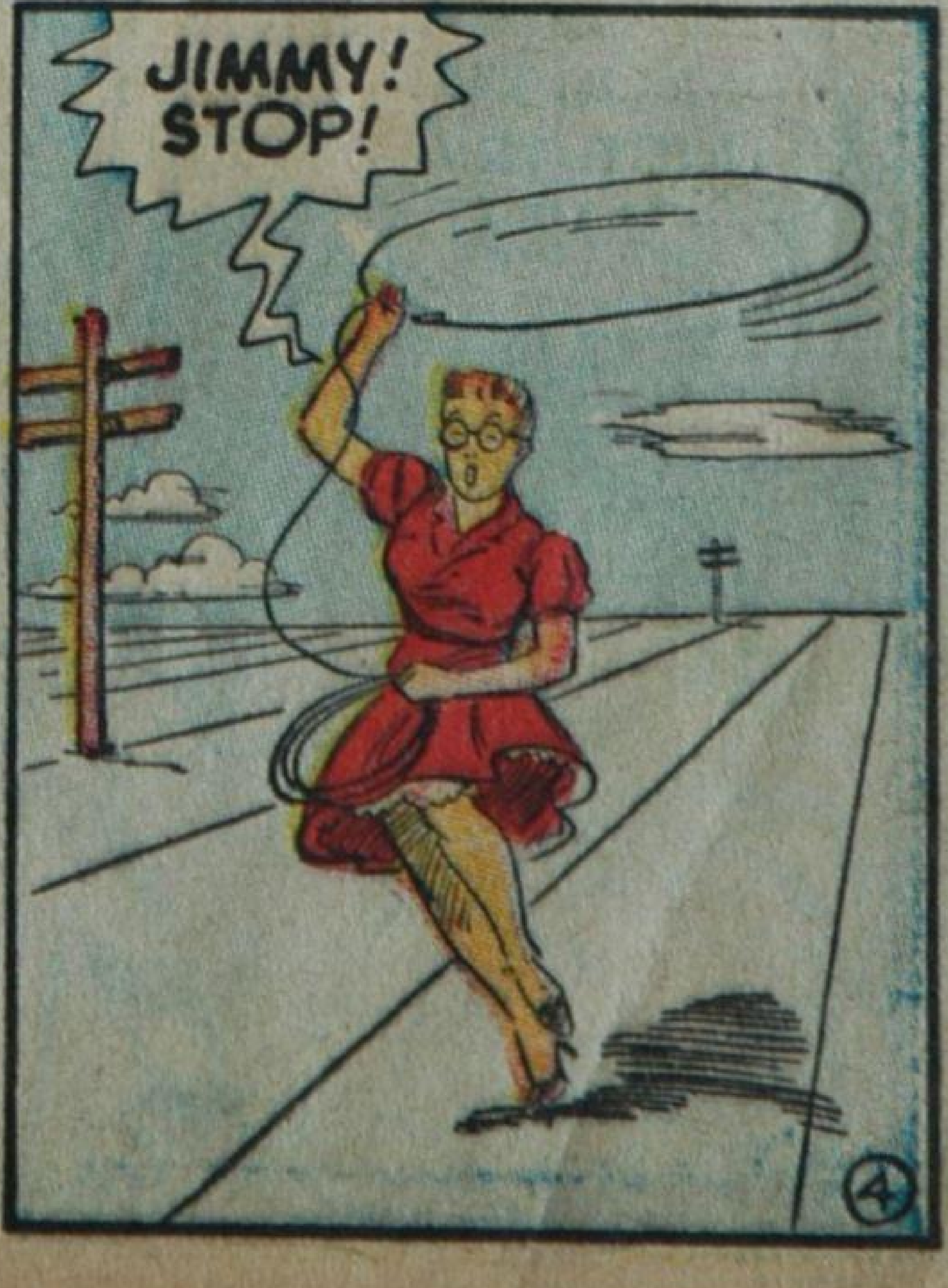

WELL, ANYWAY, I GOT AWAY FROM THAT DENTIST!
OH! -- DID YOU NOW?
YIPE!

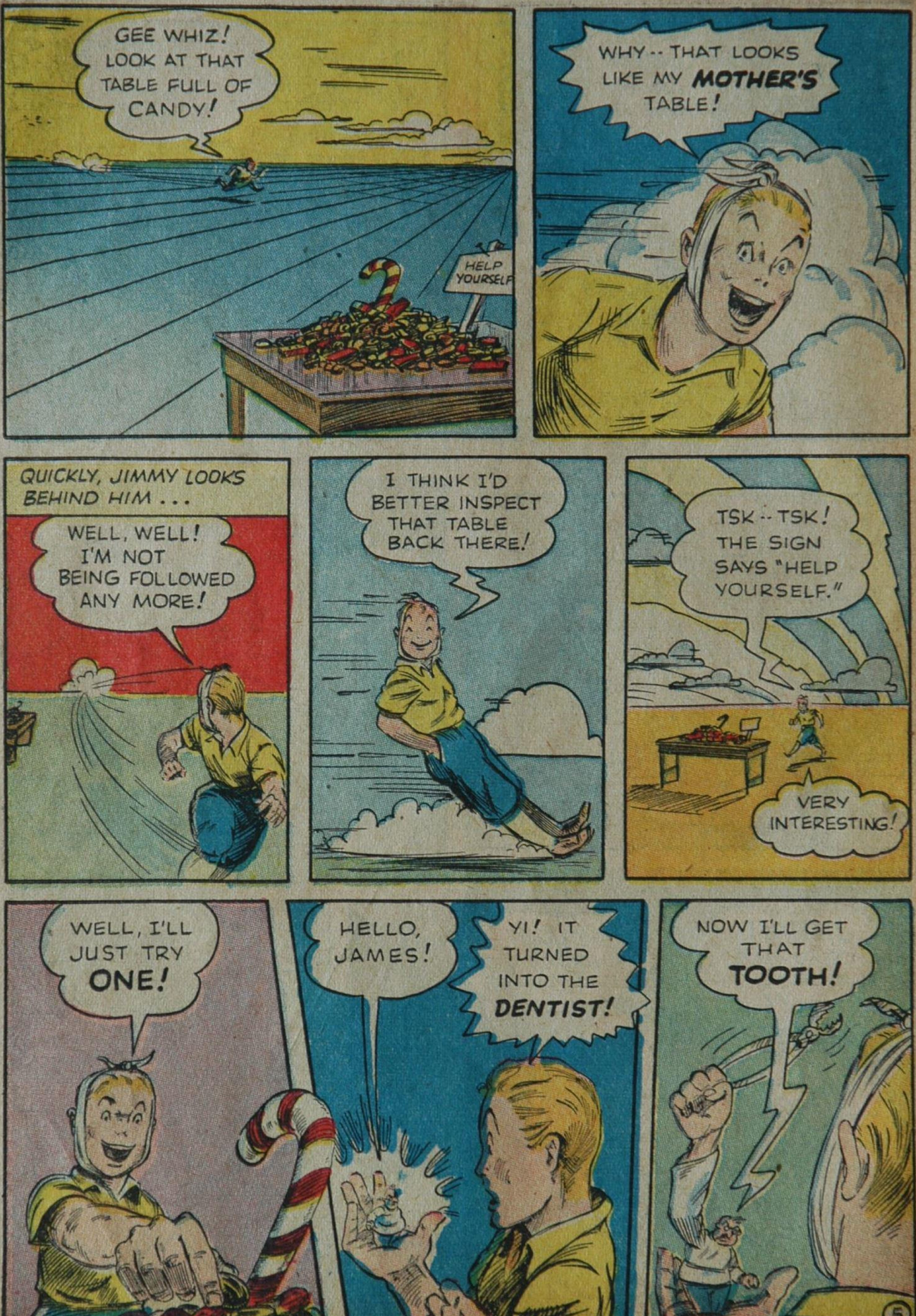
AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS!


SO -- YOU GOT AWAY!

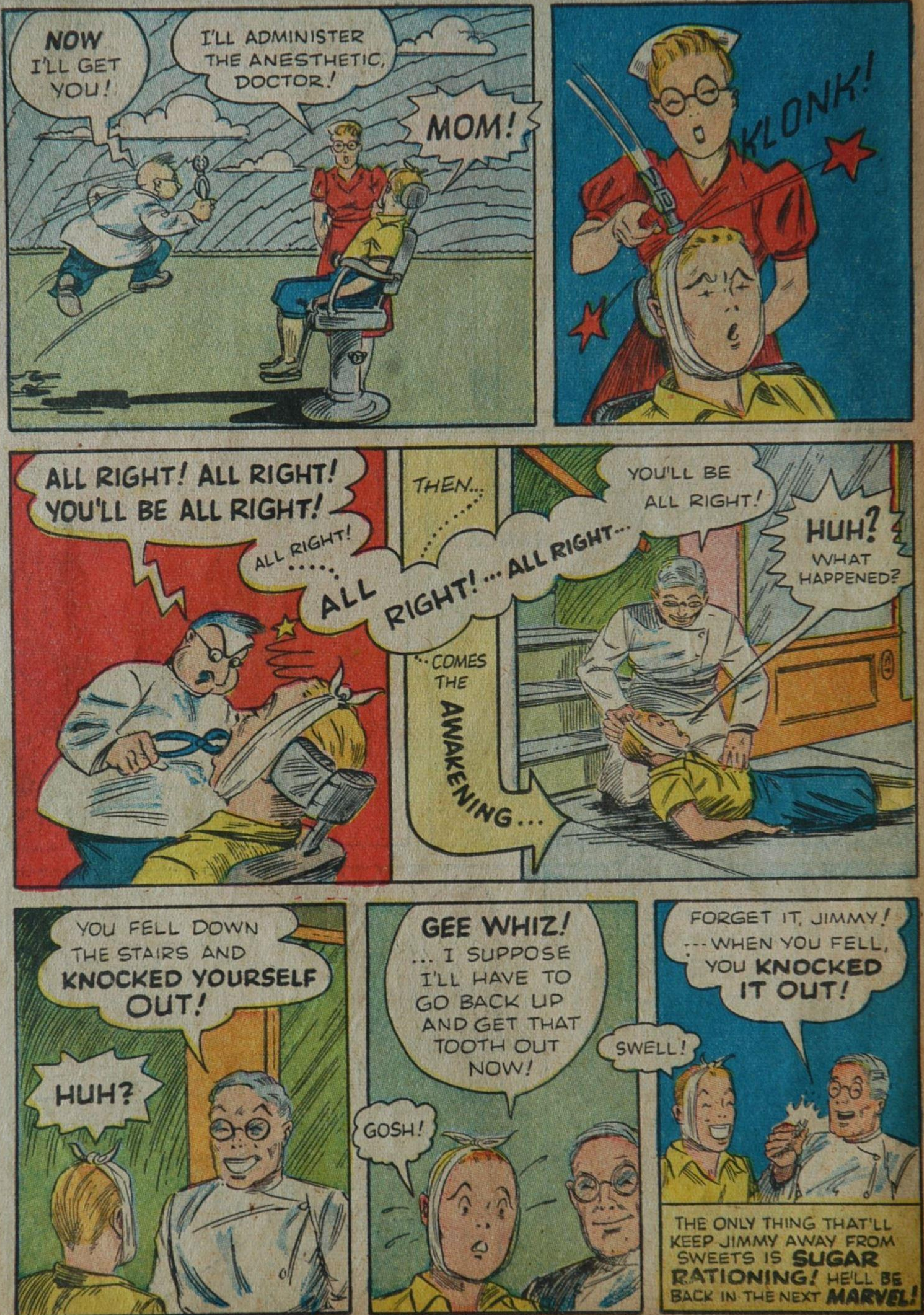

WE'LL CATCH YOU!
COME BACK!
MY MISTAKE!


JIMMY! STOP RUNNING AWAY FROM THE DENTIST!
GEE WHIZ! I WONDER WHO'S CALLING ME?

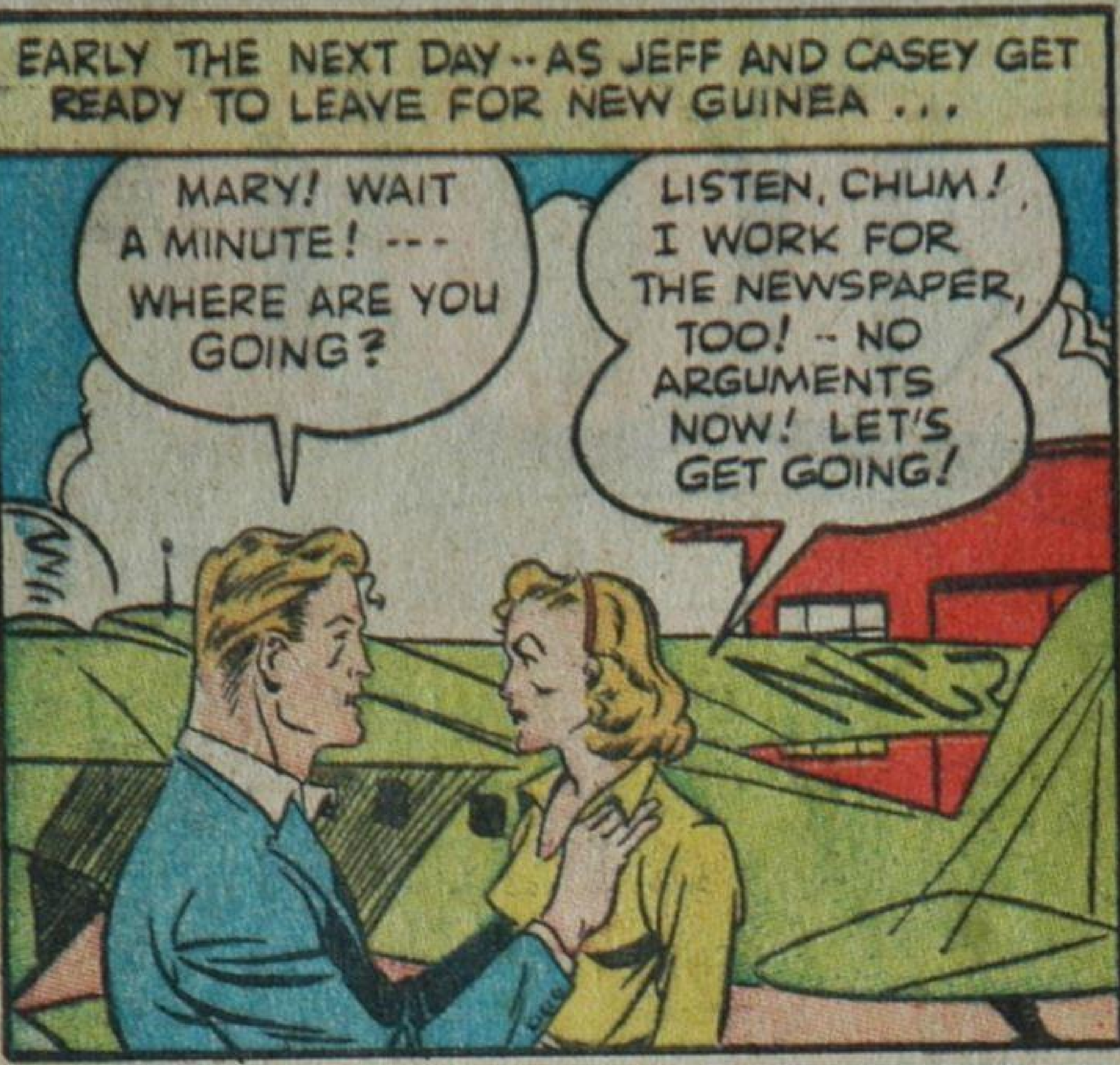


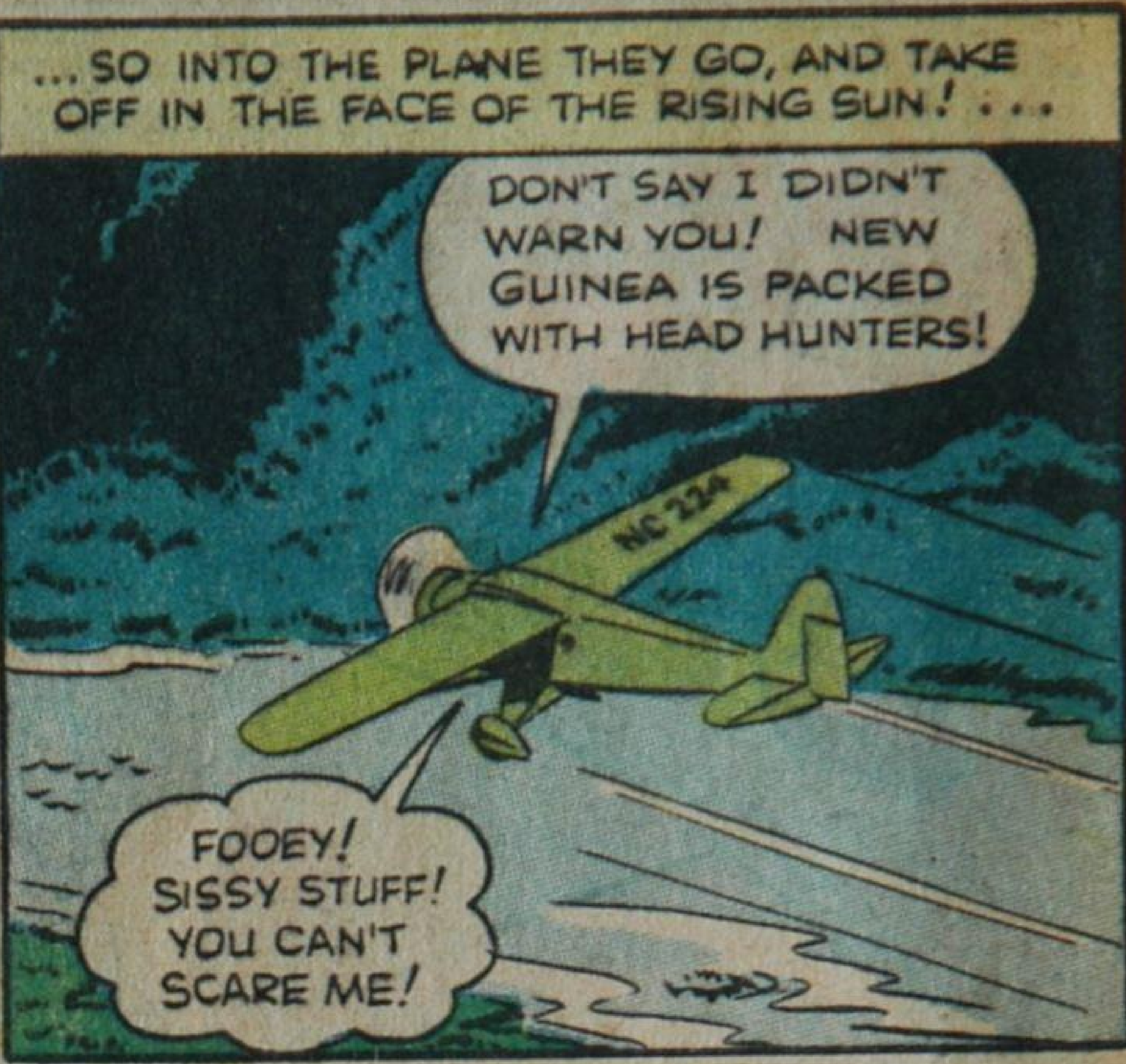

GEE WHIZ! LOOK AT THAT TABLE FULL OF CANDY!
HELP YOURSELF
WHY -- THAT LOOKS LIKE MY **MOTHER'S** TABLE!
QUICKLY, JIMMY LOOKS BEHIND HIM ...
WELL, WELL! I'M NOT BEING FOLLOWED ANY MORE!
I THINK I'D BETTER INSPECT THAT TABLE BACK THERE!
TSK -- TSK! THE SIGN SAYS "HELP YOURSELF."
VERY INTERESTING!
WELL, I'LL JUST TRY **ONE!**
HELLO, JAMES!
YI! IT TURNED INTO THE **DENTIST!**
NOW I'LL GET THAT **TOOTH!**

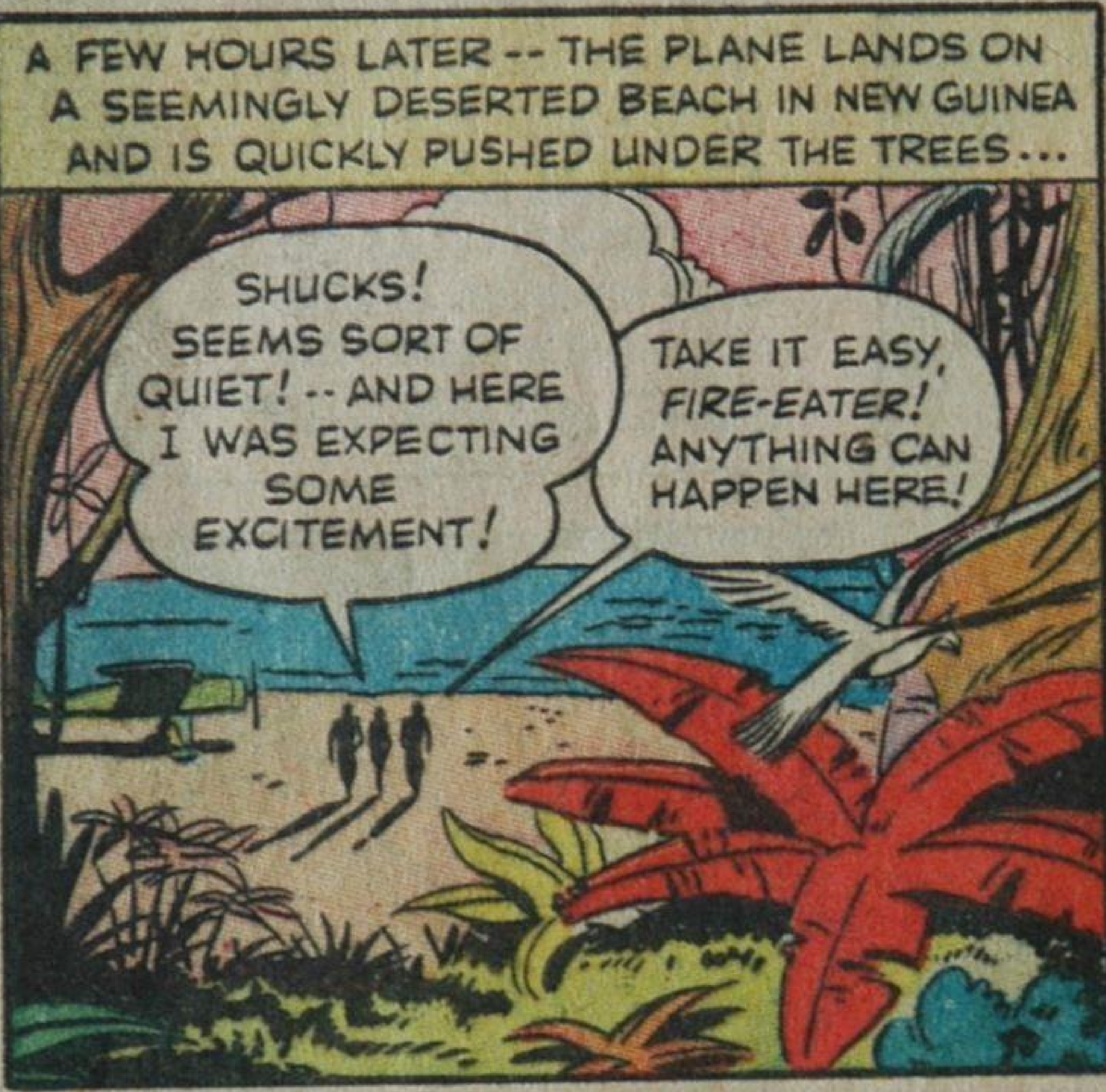
I'VE GOT 'IM, DOC! GO AHEAD!
WHERE'D YOU COME FROM!
HOLD HIM!
OPEN UP! WIDER! WIDER!
UG-GUG--LUG--
BAH! THEY WON'T FIT! I'LL HAVE TO STICK MY HEAD IN TO SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER!
O'BOY! HERE'S MY CHANCE!
AHA!-- NOW I SEE! HEY! LEMME OUT! LEGGO!
GOTCHA!
HELP! HELP!
OH-OH! I THINK I'M GOING TO SNEEZE!
I WAS RIGHT!
AH--CHOO!
POP
AH! I'M FREE!
⑥

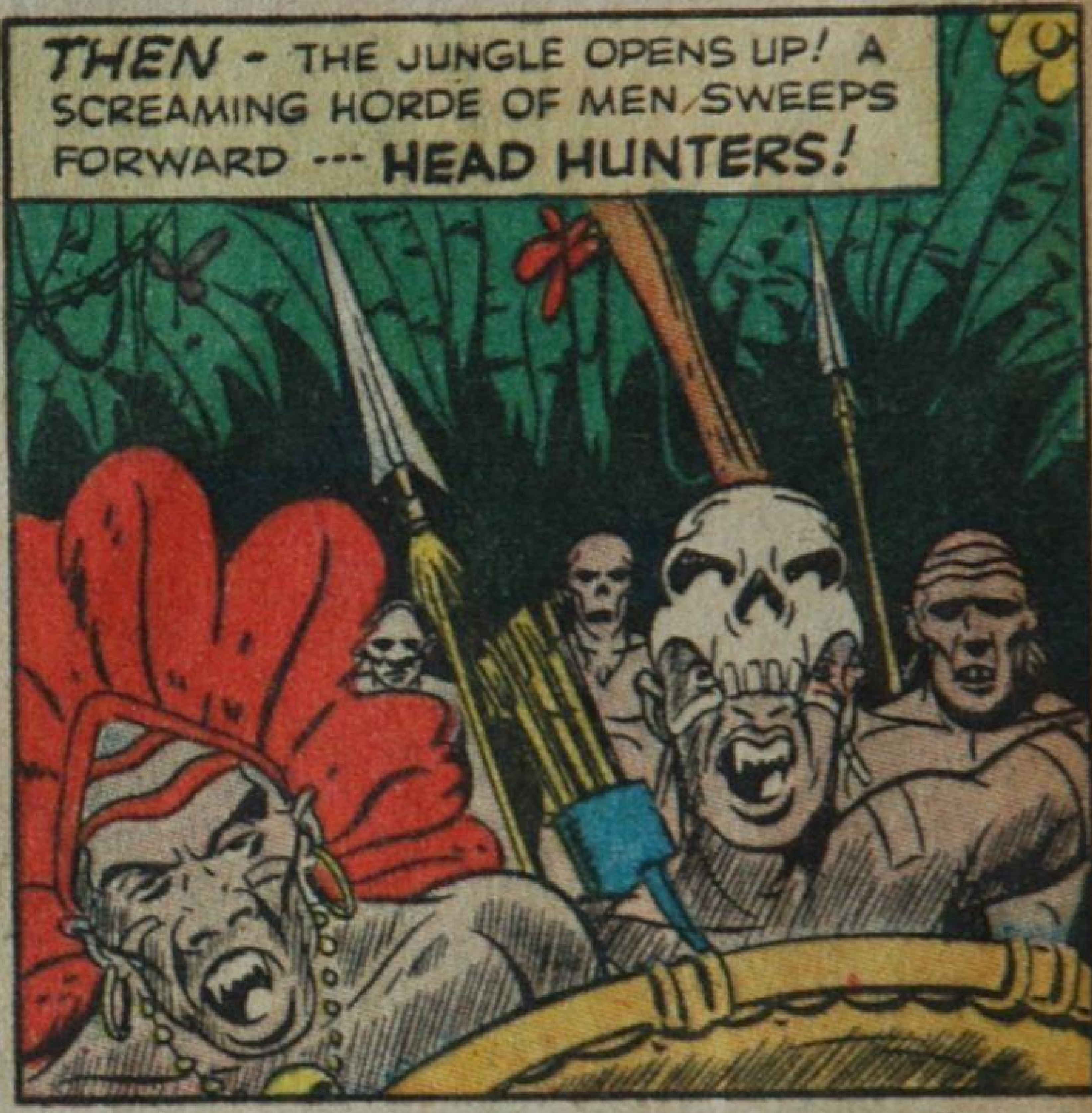

NOW I'LL GET YOU!
I'LL ADMINISTER THE ANESTHETIC, DOCTOR!
MOM!
KLONK!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT! ..... ALL RIGHT! ... ALL RIGHT...
THEN... ...COMES THE AWAKENING...
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
HUH? WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU FELL DOWN THE STAIRS AND KNOCKED YOURSELF OUT!
HUH?
GEE WHIZ! ... I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK UP AND GET THAT TOOTH OUT NOW!
GOSH!
FORGET IT, JIMMY! --- WHEN YOU FELL, YOU KNOCKED IT OUT!
SWELL!
THE ONLY THING THAT'LL KEEP JIMMY AWAY FROM SWEETS IS SUGAR RATIONING! HE'LL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

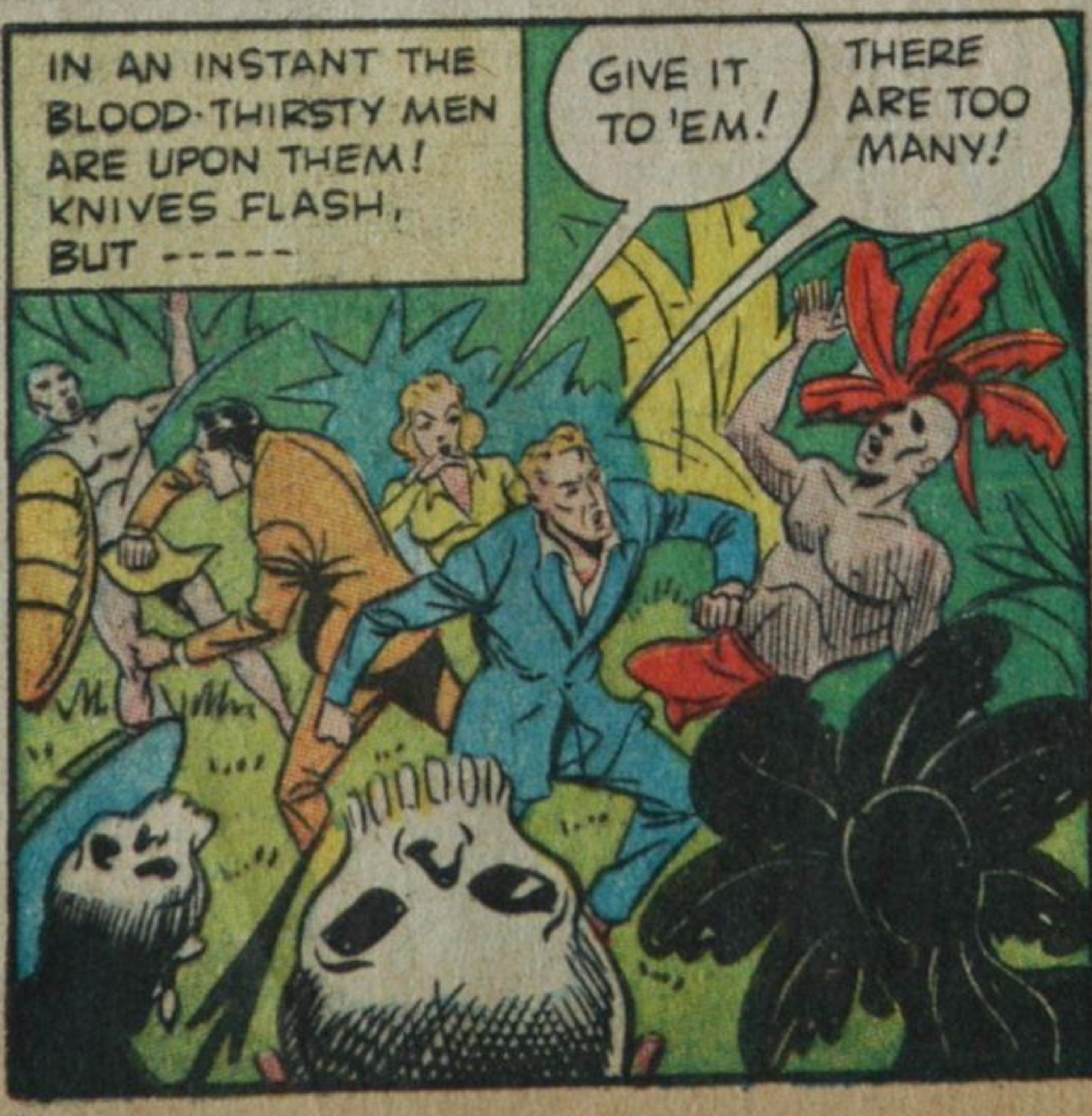
the PATRIOT
OUR NEW ALLIES!
The Hunters of HEADS!
ON THE BATTLEFRONT OF AUSTRALIA, JEFF MACE, CASEY, AND MARY COVER THE WAR NEWS FIRST-HAND -- AND RUN INTO ADVENTURE SO WEIRD AND TERRIFYING AS TO BE BEYOND BELIEF! IF YOU HAVE A WEAK HEART, READ NO FURTHER!
WE FIND THE JOURNALISTIC TRIO IN JEFF'S ROOM, CONSULTING A WALL MAP. . .
HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO -- SLIP INTO JAP-HELD NEW GUINEA AND TRY TO GET WIND OF THEIR INVASION PLANS!
NEW GUINEA
AUSTRALIA

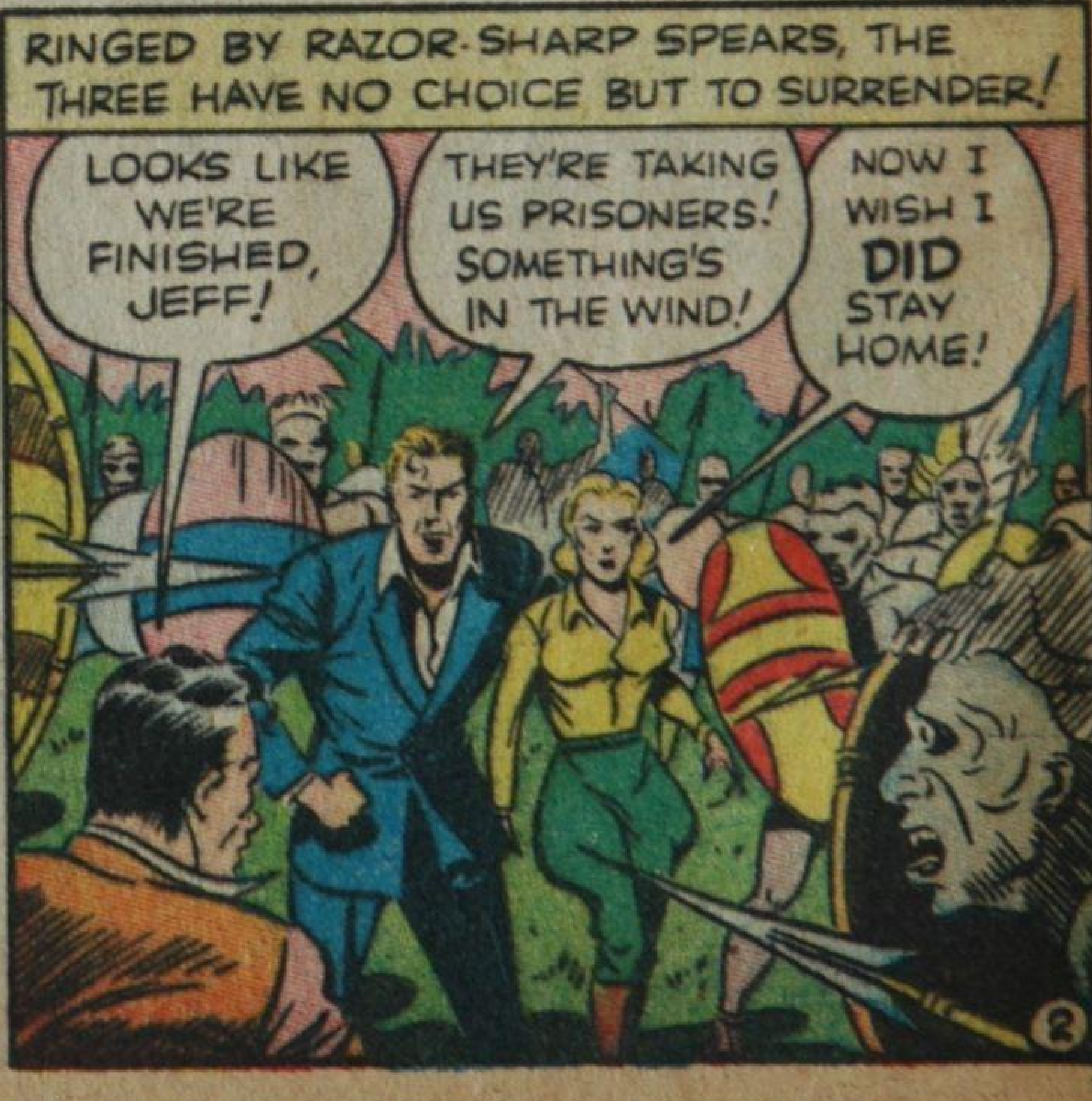

EARLY THE NEXT DAY -- AS JEFF AND CASEY GET READY TO LEAVE FOR NEW GUINEA . . .
MARY! WAIT A MINUTE! --- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
LISTEN, CHUM! I WORK FOR THE NEWSPAPER, TOO! -- NO ARGUMENTS NOW! LET'S GET GOING!


. . . SO INTO THE PLANE THEY GO, AND TAKE OFF IN THE FACE OF THE RISING SUN! . . .
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU! NEW GUINEA IS PACKED WITH HEAD HUNTERS!
NC 224
FOOEY! SISSY STUFF! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME!

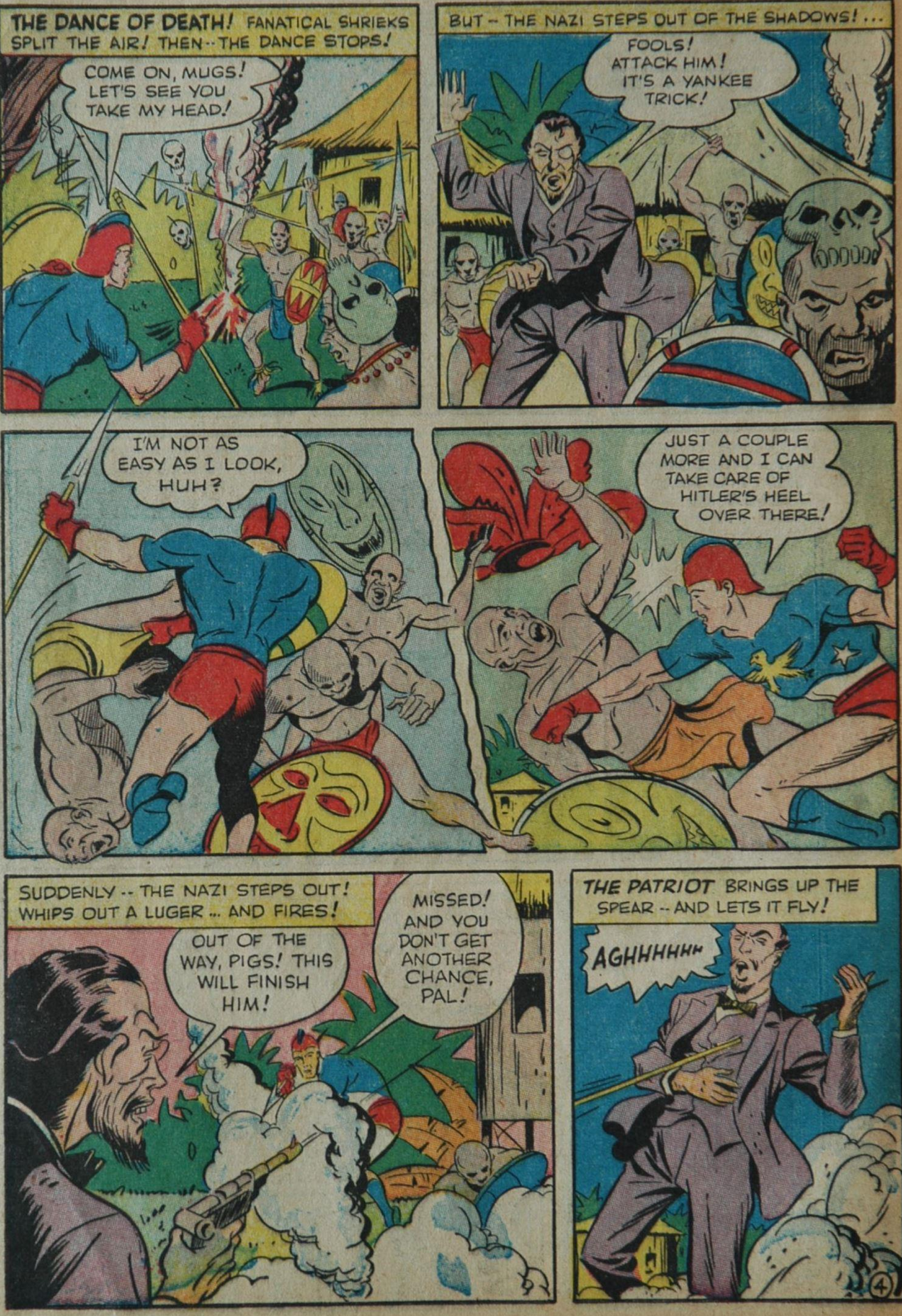

A FEW HOURS LATER -- THE PLANE LANDS ON A SEEMINGLY DESERTED BEACH IN NEW GUINEA AND IS QUICKLY PUSHED UNDER THE TREES . . .
SHUCKS! SEEMS SORT OF QUIET! -- AND HERE I WAS EXPECTING SOME EXCITEMENT!
TAKE IT EASY, *FIRE-EATER!* ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE!


THEN - THE JUNGLE OPENS UP! A SCREAMING HORDE OF MEN SWEEPS FORWARD --- **HEAD HUNTERS!**

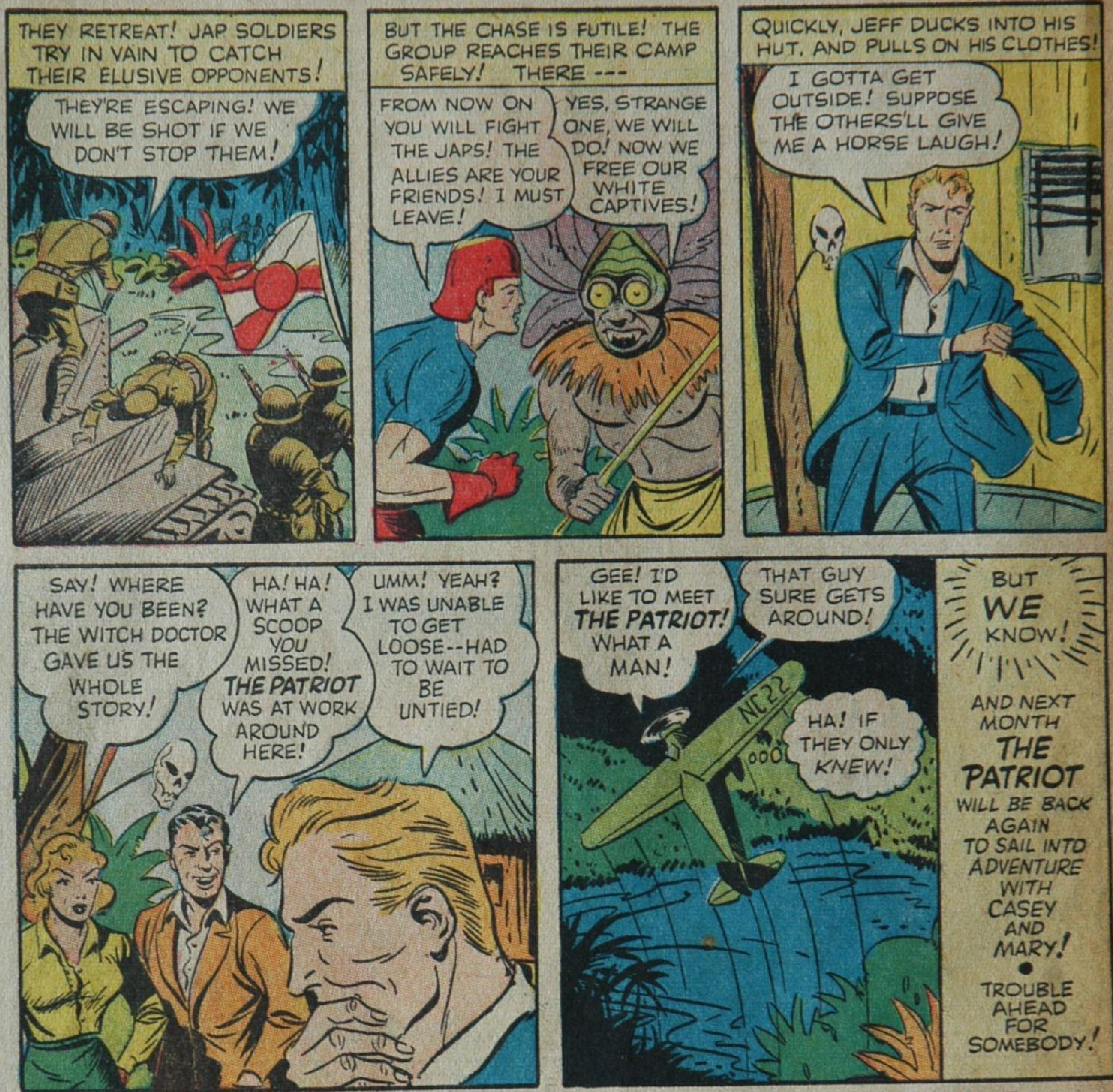

IN AN INSTANT THE BLOOD-THIRSTY MEN ARE UPON THEM! KNIVES FLASH, BUT -----
GIVE IT TO 'EM!
THERE ARE TOO MANY!

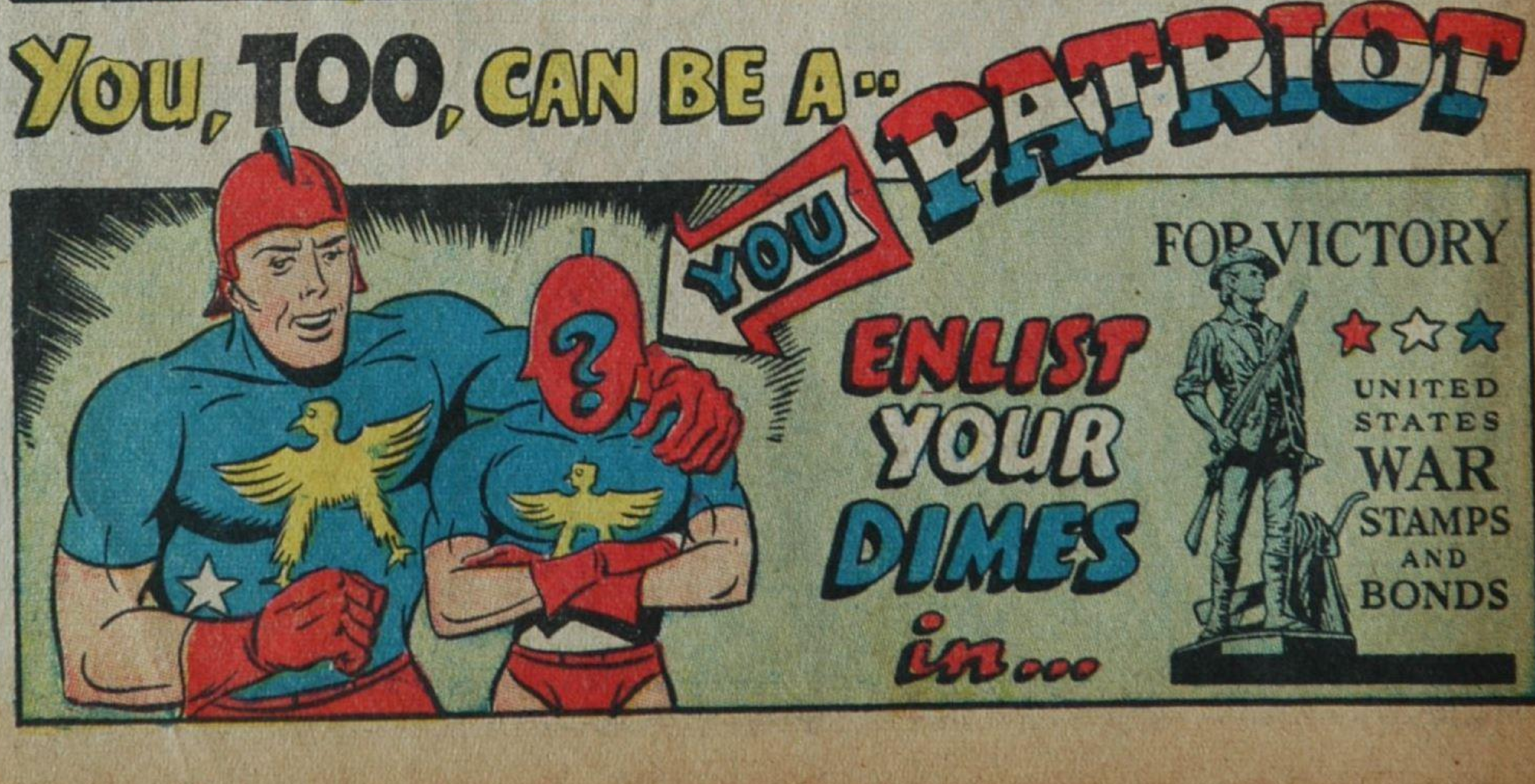

RINGED BY RAZOR-SHARP SPEARS, THE THREE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE FINISHED, JEFF!
THEY'RE TAKING US PRISONERS! SOMETHING'S IN THE WIND!
NOW I WISH I **DID** STAY HOME!

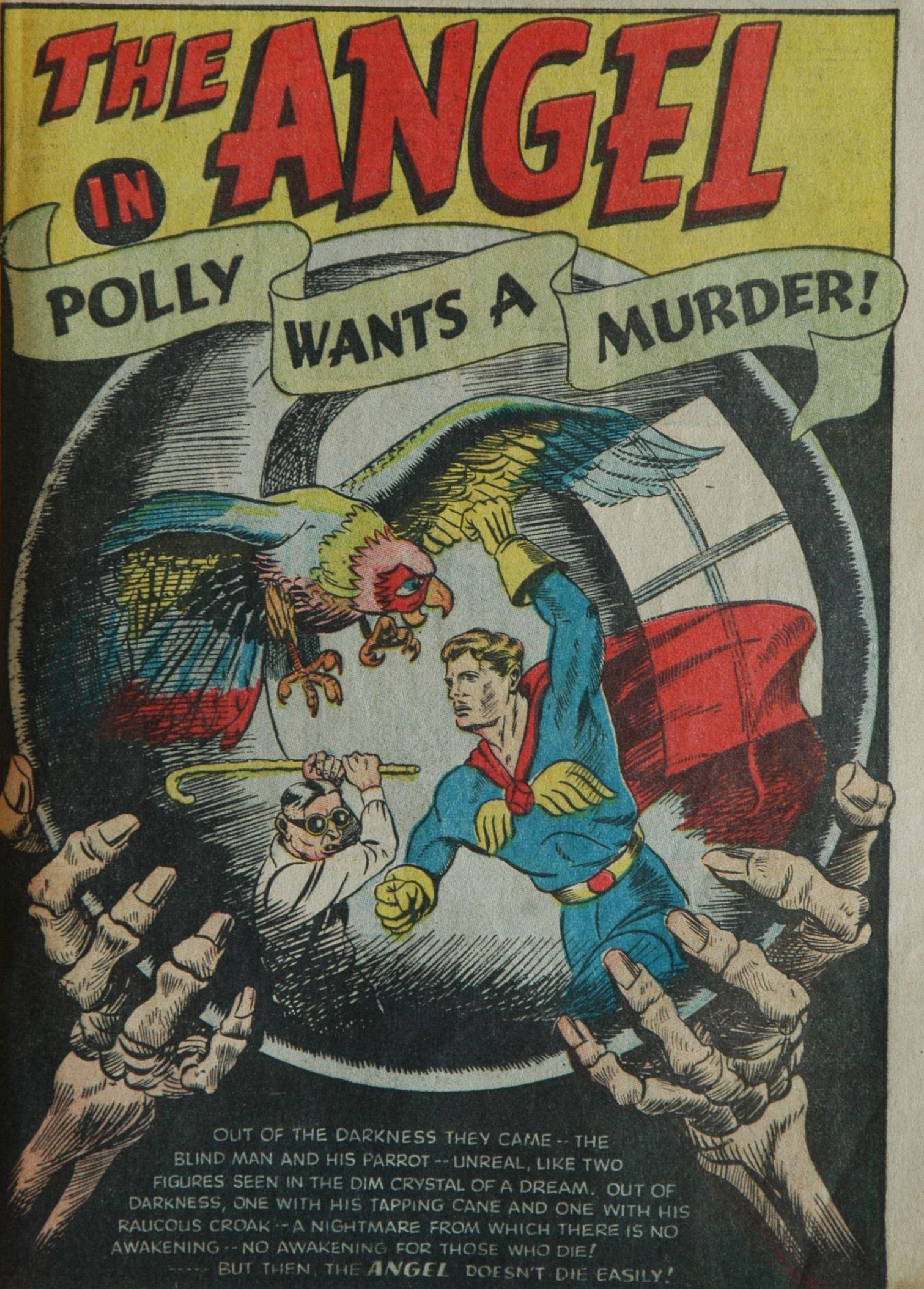
FORCED BACK TO A VILLAGE, CASEY AND MARY ARE TIED UP IN A HUT...
WONDER WHAT THEY DID WITH **JEFF?**
HE'S IN ANOTHER SHACK... THEY'RE KEEPING HIM SEPARATED FROM US!
WHILE, OUTSIDE -- THE NATIVES BEGIN A FRENZIED DANCE OF DEATH -- LED BY A WITCH DOCTOR!
JEFF IS ALONE --- SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS, AND ---
AH-HA! SO YOU WERE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO PRY INTO OUR AFFAIRS!
WHAT! WHO ARE YOU?
I AM COLONEL ZINZER OF GERMAN INTELLIGENCE! AND A GREAT MAN HERE! I HAVE ROUSED THE NATIVES TO FIGHT THE WHITES -- THUS AIDING OUR JAPANESE FRIENDS!
YOU WILL ALL BE DEAD SOON! TOO BAD! YOU'LL MISS THE PLEASURE OF SEEING US VICTORIOUS!
THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK, PUNK! -- IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE--
THE NAZI LEAVES --- QUICKLY, JEFF FORCES HIS BOUND WRISTS UNDER HIS HIPS, THEN OVER HIS FEET ---
WHAT A JOB! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!
IN AN INSTANT HE IS TUGGING AT THE ROPES WITH HIS TEETH, EYES BURNING WITH HATRED FOR THE NAZI...
HERE'S WHERE **THE PATRIOT** DOES A LITTLE HOUSE-CLEANING!
HE REMOVES HIS SUIT -- AND THERE STANDS **THE PATRIOT!**
GOTTA SLIP UP ON THAT GUARD OUTSIDE --
THEN...
TAKE A NAP, SONNY! I NEED YOUR SPEAR!
3

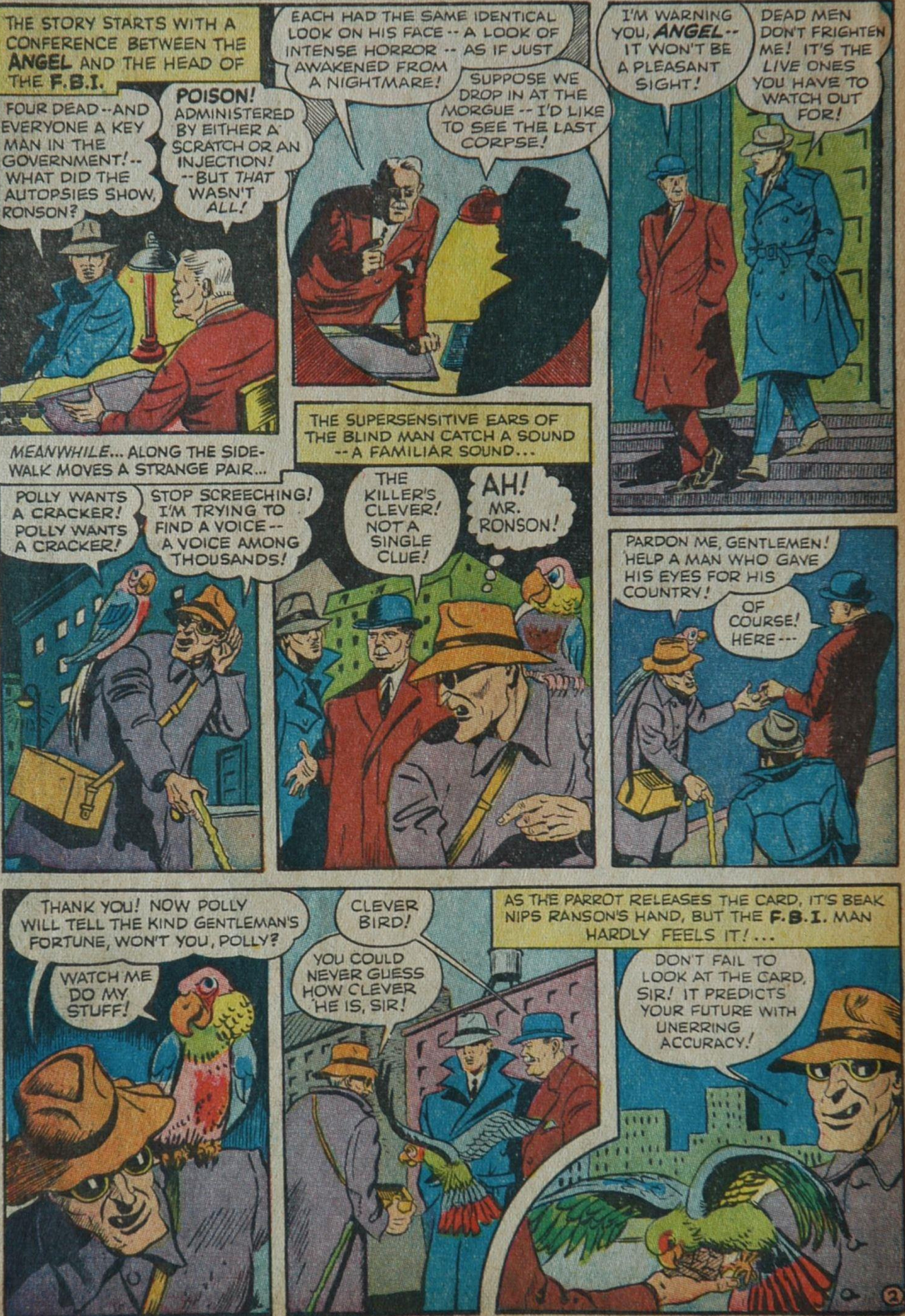

THE DANCE OF DEATH! FANATICAL SHRIEKS SPLIT THE AIR! THEN -- THE DANCE STOPS!
COME ON, MUGS! LET'S SEE YOU TAKE MY HEAD!
BUT -- THE NAZI STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS! ...
FOOLS! ATTACK HIM! IT'S A YANKEE TRICK!
I'M NOT AS EASY AS I LOOK, HUH?
JUST A COUPLE MORE AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF HITLER'S HEEL OVER THERE!
SUDDENLY -- THE NAZI STEPS OUT! WHIPS OUT A LUGER ... AND FIRES!
OUT OF THE WAY, PIGS! THIS WILL FINISH HIM!
MISSED! AND YOU DON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE, PAL!
THE PATRIOT BRINGS UP THE SPEAR -- AND LETS IT FLY!
AGHHHHHH

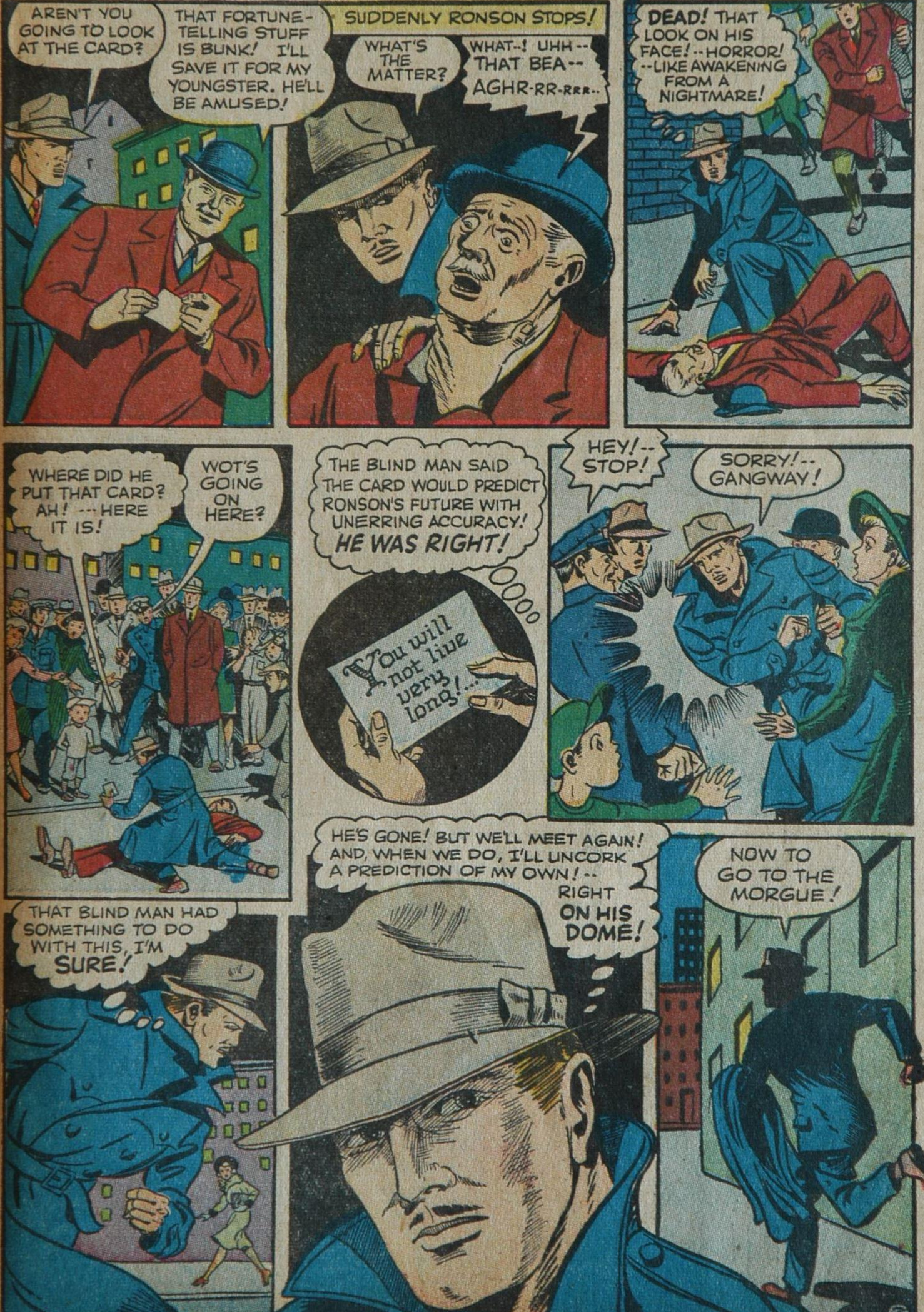
SEEING THE NAZI LEADER DEAD, THE WITCH DOCTOR APPROACHES *THE PATRIOT!*
YOU HAVE MUCH STRONG MEDICINE! NOW WE WILL FOLLOW **YOU!**
OKAY! NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU DO---
JEFF EXPLAINS HIS PLAN--AND THE WITCH DOCTOR TURNS TO THE TRIBE...
MY PEOPLE! WE GO NOW TO FIGHT THE JAPS! **THEY** SHALL LOSE THEIR HEADS! WE SHALL FREE THE WHITE PEOPLE!
AND THE WARRIOR TRIBE, SINGLE FILE, LED BY *THE PATRIOT,* STREAMS INTO THE JUNGLE! CASEY AND MARY ARE LEFT BEHIND IN A GUARD'S CARE...
JAP OUTPOSTS ARE RAIDED---HEADS FLY! THE MEN OF NIPPON ARE TERRORIZED!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN! ON TO THE MAIN CAMP!
THEN ONWARD! THEY REACH THE MAIN BASE--STORES ARE FIRED--THE BITTER BATTLE RAGES!
THE SKY TURNS RED--JAPS FLEE THE SAVAGERY OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS, LED BY THE MENACING FIGURE OF *THE PATRIOT!*
BURN EVERYTHING! DON'T LET ANY JAPS GET AWAY! QUICK! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!
BUT...
TAKE TO THE WOODS! JAP REENFORCEMENTS ARE COMING UP!

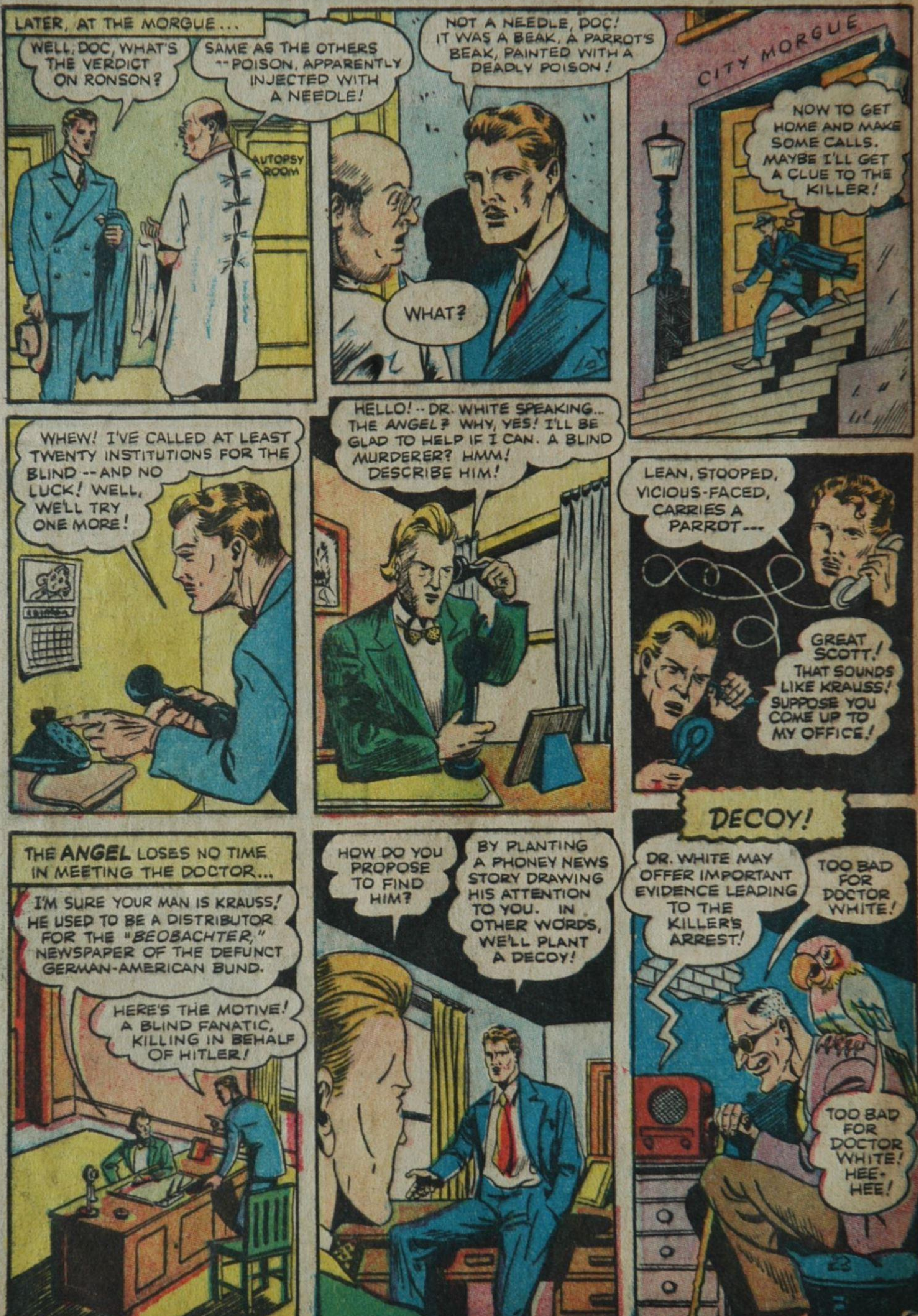

THEY RETREAT! JAP SOLDIERS TRY IN VAIN TO CATCH THEIR ELUSIVE OPPONENTS!
THEY'RE ESCAPING! WE WILL BE SHOT IF WE DON'T STOP THEM!
BUT THE CHASE IS FUTILE! THE GROUP REACHES THEIR CAMP SAFELY! THERE ---
FROM NOW ON YOU WILL FIGHT THE JAPS! THE ALLIES ARE YOUR FRIENDS! I MUST LEAVE!
YES, STRANGE ONE, WE WILL DO! NOW WE FREE OUR WHITE CAPTIVES!
QUICKLY, JEFF DUCKS INTO HIS HUT, AND PULLS ON HIS CLOTHES!
I GOTTA GET OUTSIDE! SUPPOSE THE OTHERS'LL GIVE ME A HORSE LAUGH!
SAY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THE WITCH DOCTOR GAVE US THE WHOLE STORY!
HA! HA! WHAT A SCOOP YOU MISSED! THE PATRIOT WAS AT WORK AROUND HERE!
UMM! YEAH? I WAS UNABLE TO GET LOOSE--HAD TO WAIT TO BE UNTIED!
GEE! I'D LIKE TO MEET THE PATRIOT! WHAT A MAN!
THAT GUY SURE GETS AROUND!
NC22
HA! IF THEY ONLY KNEW!
BUT WE KNOW!
AND NEXT MONTH THE PATRIOT WILL BE BACK AGAIN TO SAIL INTO ADVENTURE WITH CASEY AND MARY!
TROUBLE AHEAD FOR SOMEBODY!


YOU, TOO, CAN BE A.. PATRIOT
YOU
ENLIST YOUR DIMES in...
FOR VICTORY
UNITED STATES WAR STAMPS AND BONDS


THE ANGEL
IN
POLLY WANTS A MURDER!
OUT OF THE DARKNESS THEY CAME -- THE BLIND MAN AND HIS PARROT -- UNREAL, LIKE TWO FIGURES SEEN IN THE DIM CRYSTAL OF A DREAM. OUT OF DARKNESS, ONE WITH HIS TAPPING CANE AND ONE WITH HIS RAUCOUS CROAK -- A NIGHTMARE FROM WHICH THERE IS NO AWAKENING -- NO AWAKENING FOR THOSE WHO DIE!
----- BUT THEN, THE ANGEL DOESN'T DIE EASILY!


THE STORY STARTS WITH A CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE ANGEL AND THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I.
FOUR DEAD--AND EVERYONE A KEY MAN IN THE GOVERNMENT!--WHAT DID THE AUTOPSIES SHOW, RONSON?
POISON! ADMINISTERED BY EITHER A SCRATCH OR AN INJECTION! --BUT THAT WASN'T ALL!
EACH HAD THE SAME IDENTICAL LOOK ON HIS FACE--A LOOK OF INTENSE HORROR--AS IF JUST AWAKENED FROM A NIGHTMARE!
SUPPOSE WE DROP IN AT THE MORGUE--I'D LIKE TO SEE THE LAST CORPSE!
I'M WARNING YOU, ANGEL--IT WON'T BE A PLEASANT SIGHT!
DEAD MEN DON'T FRIGHTEN ME! IT'S THE LIVE ONES YOU HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR!
MEANWHILE... ALONG THE SIDEWALK MOVES A STRANGE PAIR...
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER! POLLY WANTS A CRACKER!
STOP SCREECHING! I'M TRYING TO FIND A VOICE--A VOICE AMONG THOUSANDS!
THE SUPERSENSITIVE EARS OF THE BLIND MAN CATCH A SOUND--A FAMILIAR SOUND...
THE KILLER'S CLEVER! NOT A SINGLE CLUE!
AH! MR. RONSON!
PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN! HELP A MAN WHO GAVE HIS EYES FOR HIS COUNTRY!
OF COURSE! HERE---
THANK YOU! NOW POLLY WILL TELL THE KIND GENTLEMAN'S FORTUNE, WON'T YOU, POLLY?
WATCH ME DO MY STUFF!
CLEVER BIRD!
YOU COULD NEVER GUESS HOW CLEVER HE IS, SIR!
AS THE PARROT RELEASES THE CARD, IT'S BEAK NIPS RANSON'S HAND, BUT THE F.B.I. MAN HARDLY FEELS IT!...
DON'T FAIL TO LOOK AT THE CARD, SIR! IT PREDICTS YOUR FUTURE WITH UNERRING ACCURACY!

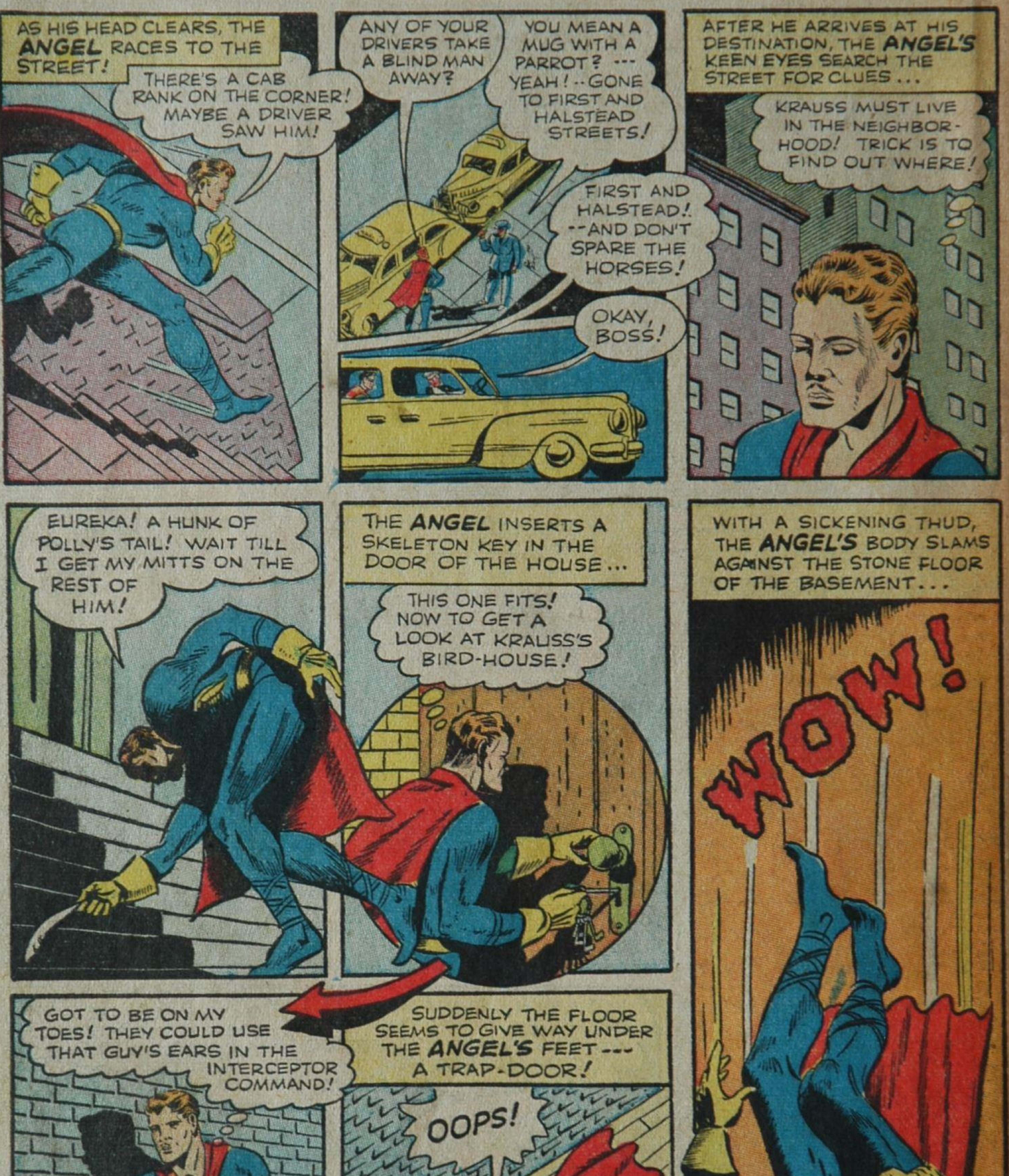

AREN'T YOU GOING TO LOOK AT THE CARD?
THAT FORTUNE-TELLING STUFF IS BUNK! I'LL SAVE IT FOR MY YOUNGSTER. HE'LL BE AMUSED!
SUDDENLY RONSON STOPS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHAT-! UHH -- THAT BEA-- AGHR-RR-RRR..
DEAD! THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE! --HORROR! --LIKE AWAKENING FROM A NIGHTMARE!
WHERE DID HE PUT THAT CARD? AH! --- HERE IT IS!
WOT'S GOING ON HERE?
THE BLIND MAN SAID THE CARD WOULD PREDICT RONSON'S FUTURE WITH UNERRING ACCURACY! HE WAS RIGHT!
You will not live very long!...
HEY! -- STOP!
SORRY! -- GANGWAY!
THAT BLIND MAN HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS, I'M SURE!
HE'S GONE! BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN! AND, WHEN WE DO, I'LL UNCORK A PREDICTION OF MY OWN! -- RIGHT ON HIS DOME!
NOW TO GO TO THE MORGUE!


LATER, AT THE MORGUE ...
WELL, DOC, WHAT'S THE VERDICT ON RONSON?
SAME AS THE OTHERS -- POISON, APPARENTLY INJECTED WITH A NEEDLE!
AUTOPSY ROOM
NOT A NEEDLE, DOC! IT WAS A BEAK, A PARROT'S BEAK, PAINTED WITH A DEADLY POISON!
WHAT?
CITY MORGUE
NOW TO GET HOME AND MAKE SOME CALLS. MAYBE I'LL GET A CLUE TO THE KILLER!
WHEW! I'VE CALLED AT LEAST TWENTY INSTITUTIONS FOR THE BLIND -- AND NO LUCK! WELL, WE'LL TRY ONE MORE!
HELLO! -- DR. WHITE SPEAKING... THE ANGEL? WHY, YES! I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP IF I CAN. A BLIND MURDERER? HMM! DESCRIBE HIM!
LEAN, STOOPED, VICIOUS-FACED, CARRIES A PARROT---
GREAT SCOTT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE KRAUSS! SUPPOSE YOU COME UP TO MY OFFICE!
DECOY!
THE ANGEL LOSES NO TIME IN MEETING THE DOCTOR...
I'M SURE YOUR MAN IS KRAUSS! HE USED TO BE A DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE "BEOBACHTER," NEWSPAPER OF THE DEFUNCT GERMAN-AMERICAN BUND.
HERE'S THE MOTIVE! A BLIND FANATIC, KILLING IN BEHALF OF HITLER!
HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO FIND HIM?
BY PLANTING A PHONEY NEWS STORY DRAWING HIS ATTENTION TO YOU. IN OTHER WORDS, WE'LL PLANT A DECOY!
DR. WHITE MAY OFFER IMPORTANT EVIDENCE LEADING TO THE KILLER'S ARREST!
TOO BAD FOR DOCTOR WHITE!
TOO BAD FOR DOCTOR WHITE! HEE-HEE!
6

LURED FROM HIS LAIR, THE SIGHTLESS MURDERER PREPARES TO STRIKE!
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER!
QUIET! TONIGHT YOU'LL HAVE *MORE* THAN A CRACKER!
HOME FOR BLIND
TAP TAP TAP
SEE THAT WINDOW? THAT'S WHERE HE SLEEPS! **GET HIM!**
GET HIM! POLLY WANTS A MURDER!
THERE IS A BRILLIANT FLASH OF COLOR AS THE PARROT WINGS ITS WAY UP TO THE WINDOW!
THE MAN ON THE BED LIES MOTIONLESS, UNAWARE THAT DEATH HOVERS OVER HIM...
SUDDENLY SOMETHING SWIFTER EVEN THAN THE PARROT LEAPS UPWARD ----- A GLOVED FIST!
CUAWK!
OUT OF THE BED JUMPS THE MAN -- NOT DR. WHITE -- BUT THE **ANGEL!**
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER, EH? HERE'S WHERE POLLY GETS A SMACK ON THE SNOOT!
BUT THE EVIL BIRD RECOVERS AND, WITH GLITTERING CLAWS, ZOOMS ON HIS PREY!
HEIL HITLER! HEIL HITLER!
WHAT TH--?
THE FEATHERS FLY AS THE PARROT SEEKS AN OPENING WITH POISONED BEAK AND CLAWS!
HEY! WHERE'S GOERING? WHERE'S THE LUFTWAFFE? SEND UP REINFORCEMENTS! **HALP!**
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED!...

... AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!
THIS ISN'T CRICKET! CU-AWK!
THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU! NOW TO RECEIVE YOUR MASTER!
WE GERMANS CAN NEVER BE CONQUERED! --NEVER!
AGHRRR! IT GOT ME! THE BEAK! I-I'M DYING!
ALL WE WANT IS LEBENSRAUM! BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR A CRACKER!
I'M DYING!
FRANCE, ENGLAND, RUSSIA, CHINA, THE U.S.A.-- THE WORLD IS MINE!
HOME
OOOO
HE'S DYING? GOOD! BUT WHAT'S KEEPING POLLY? --HE'S ON A TALKING SPREE!
POLLY! COME, POLLY! COME!
HMMM! NO ANSWER! SOMETHING WRONG! MAYBE HE'S HURT! I'LL HAVE TO GO UP--
STEP BY STEP, THE BLIND MAN FEELS HIS WAY UP THE FIRE ESCAPE ---
WHAT'S THAT? A MAN BREATHING! --THEN HE DIDN'T DIE AFTER ALL! BUT HE WILL-- HE WILL!
AS THE KILLER REACHES THE THIRD FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE, THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION!
YOU'RE THROUGH, BUD!
BUT... KRAUSS DODGES!
YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AT MAKING PREDICTIONS AS ---
HEY! I MISSED

YEOW!
... AS I AM!
C-R-A-C-K
THAT WASN'T DR. WHITE'S VOICE!
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME!
KRAUSS SETS POLLY FREE!
LESS TALK AND MORE ACTION! I'LL WAGER YOU MISSED DR. WHITE!
YOU WIN THE BET, KRAUSS! HANDS UP! YOU'RE COVERED!
BUT KRAUSS MOVES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DARKNESS!
CU-- AWK!
BANG!
BLAST IT! -- I MISSED!
HAVING EMPTIED HIS GUN, WHITE GROPES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH!
HE MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH THAT DOOR!
NOT A SIGN OF HIM! MOST AMAZING BLIND MAN I'VE EVER MET! WELL, I'D BETTER GO UP AND SEE HOW THE ANGEL IS!
QUITE AN EGG HE RAISED ON YOUR SKULL! THAT CANE OF HIS MUST BE LOADED!
SO HE GOT AWAY! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! HELP ME, DOC!


AS HIS HEAD CLEARS, THE **ANGEL** RACES TO THE STREET!
THERE'S A CAB RANK ON THE CORNER! MAYBE A DRIVER SAW HIM!
ANY OF YOUR DRIVERS TAKE A BLIND MAN AWAY?
YOU MEAN A MUG WITH A PARROT? --- YEAH! -- GONE TO FIRST AND HALSTEAD STREETS!
FIRST AND HALSTEAD! --AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
OKAY, BOSS!
AFTER HE ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION, THE **ANGEL'S** KEEN EYES SEARCH THE STREET FOR CLUES...
KRAUSS MUST LIVE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! TRICK IS TO FIND OUT WHERE!
EUREKA! A HUNK OF POLLY'S TAIL! WAIT TILL I GET MY MITTS ON THE REST OF HIM!
THE **ANGEL** INSERTS A SKELETON KEY IN THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE...
THIS ONE FITS! NOW TO GET A LOOK AT KRAUSS'S BIRD-HOUSE!
GOT TO BE ON MY TOES! THEY COULD USE THAT GUY'S EARS IN THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND!
SUDDENLY THE FLOOR SEEMS TO GIVE WAY UNDER THE **ANGEL'S** FEET --- A TRAP-DOOR!
OOPS!
WITH A SICKENING THUD, THE **ANGEL'S** BODY SLAMS AGAINST THE STONE FLOOR OF THE BASEMENT...
WOW!
WHAM
5

REGAINING HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO THE CEILING OF A DUNGEON-LIKE ROOM...
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A CHAMBER OF HORRORS!
IT IS, MEDDLER!
LET ME AT HIM! LET ME AT HIM!
ANOTHER GUEST? GOOD! I'M HUNGRY!
YOU HAVE EYES! BEHOLD MY PRETTIES! THEY HAVEN'T BEEN FED FOR DAYS! NOW THEY WILL BE FED! HA-HA!
SHAKING WITH MIRTHLESS LAUGHTER, KRAUSS THROWS A SWITCH!
I'VE REMOVED THE POISON FROM POLLY'S BEAK. IT'S TOO FAST! I WISH I COULD SEE YOU DIE! BUT I CAN HEAR YOU DIE! HA-HA!
THE CAGES CLICK OPEN AND THE BLIND MAN'S "PRETTIES" RUSH OUT!
HEIL!
HEIL, DEATH!
HEIL!
HEIL!
AN UNHOLY CHORUS FILLS THE AIR AS THE BLIND MAN'S FEATHERED FRIENDS SWARM UPON THE HELPLESS ANGEL!
PICK OUT HIS EYES! TEAR HIS NOSE OUT!
HIS NOSE! HIS NOSE!
CU-AWK!
HIS EYES! YUM-YUM!
L-LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! BUT AT LEAST I CAN DIE FIGHTING!
A VULTURE SLASHES VICIOUSLY AT THE ANGEL'S NECK AND HIS BODY WRITHES.
YEOW! WHAT THE--? MY BODY'S SWINGING-- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT, LIKE A CHILD ON A PLAYGROUND SWING, THE **ANGEL** TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN PENDULUM!
I'LL BE--!
UP WE GO!
HIS BODY CANNON-BALLS UPWARD, AND THE CHAIN SNAPS, AND HE SAILS THROUGH THE WINDOW!
BULL'S EYE!
E-E-EEE!
WINGS BEAT A SYMPHONY OF DEATH AS THE BLOODTHIRSTY SWARM ZOOMS UPWARD TOWARD THE BROKEN WINDOW!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
THE **ANGEL** MAKES A SWIFT DEPARTURE JUST AS THE HUNGRY HORDE POUNCES ON ITS OWN MASTER!
POETIC JUSTICE! I'D BETTER TIP OFF THE COPS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
BOIDS?... NAZI KILLER? ... MIKE! ... CALL THE RESOIVES, BUT DON'T BRING CANARY CAGES!
THE POLICE COME UPON A CHILLING SIGHT--
THAT MUST BE THE NASTY! ...DEAD!
WONDER WHO TIPPED US OFF!
HEIL HITLER! HEIL HITLER!
SUDDENLY THE PARROT LEAVES ITS GRISLY PERCH WITH A FRIGHTENED SCREECH AS SOMETHING FLITS ACROSS THE WALL!
LOOK! THE SHADOW OF THE **ANGEL**!
CU-EEE!
10
KEEP THE ANGEL FLYING!.. A NEW NOVEL STORY FEATURING THE ANGEL IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU! WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE REAL TROUBLE WE GET INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF TERRY TOONS COMICS!
YEOW
©T.
YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED KRAZY KOMICS! NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 1ST FOR....
TERRY-TOONS COMICS
LEE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill i upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY
H F
CONTAINS ACETONE PINE OIL, BENZOIC ACID, SALICYLIC ACID
CONTENTS ½ FLUID OZ
PRICE $1.00
Sold By
Gore Products Inc
New Orleans La

M.C.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..STATE..............